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Arthur Miller—"His 'Death of a Salesman' is the most poignant statement of man as he must face himself to have come out of our theatre." (See John Mason Brown, page 30)

Sensitivity as Censor

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

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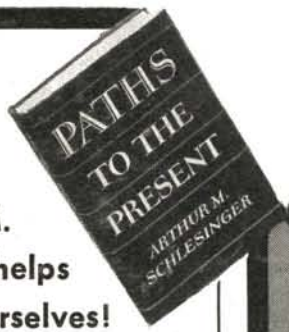

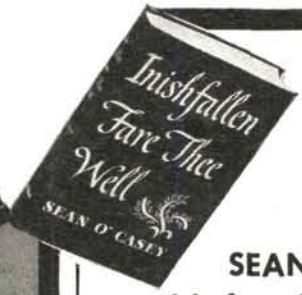

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TRADE Winds

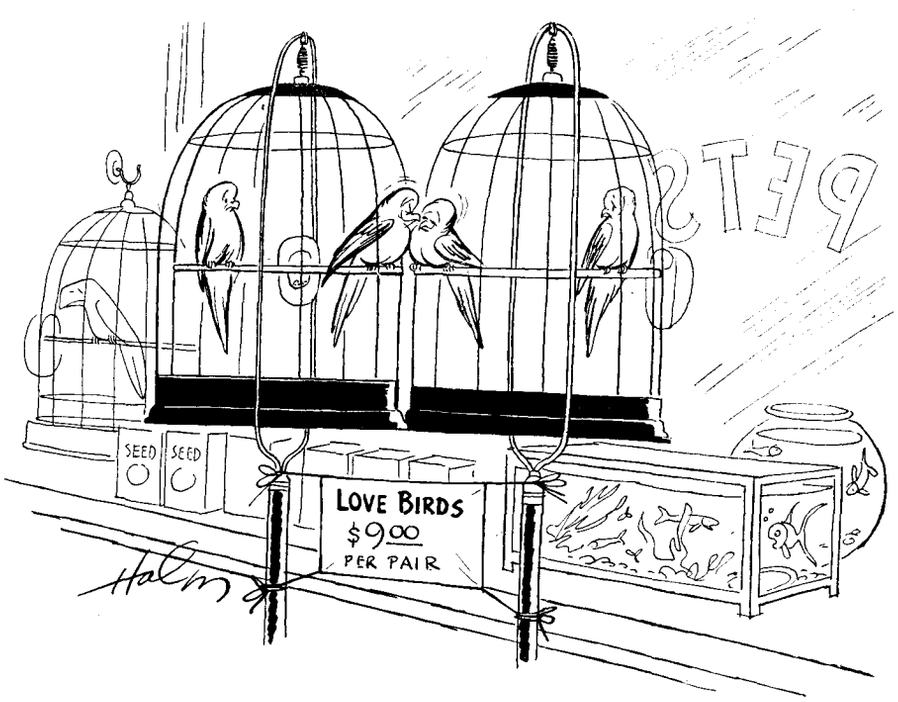
TELEVISION is the new bugaboo that has book publishers weeping piteously over their cocktails in the Ritz-Carlton bar. Before taking their dire predictions too deeply to heart, however, it is well to remember that publishers as a class scare easier than a giddy female on her first roller-coaster ride.

When I first became a publisher myself, in 1923, it was motion pictures and cheap automobiles that had doomed the book business, to hear my confreres tell it, with that dreaded new monster radio about to deliver the coup de grace. During the Wall Street boom people were "too busy speculating to read books"; after the crash, they were "too depressed." It was always something. And yet, you may have observed, the book business has survived handsomely. The answer is that despite all and any distractions there will always be millions of Americans who want to read good books—and, praise be, their number is growing. In my opinion, television not only will fail to hurt book business, but actually may improve it.

There has been a television set in my own home for almost two months. It's an RCA "projector" model: the one that seemed to me, after investigation, by far the best. For the first week, everybody watched it in a state of virtual hypnosis—but the nightly fare of fourth-rate vaudeville acts, transparently phony "wrestling" matches, Grade "B", "C," and "Z" films of uncertain vintage, and commercials that were even longer and duller than ones we had schooled ourselves to suffer through on the radio soon began taking their toll. Today only my seven-year-old son Christopher stays rooted to the set until he is forcibly removed (as Bruce Patterson remarks, "Remember the good old days when we didn't know where the children were every minute?"), and even Christopher's attention is beginning to wander when "Howdy-Doody" and other programs designed expressly for children are not being videoed.

I hereby predict (ah there, Drew Pearson!) that television will improve and expand until there are at least ten million sets installed (it will never reach certain localities because of geographical difficulties, or sparsity of outlets) but that, once the novelty has worn off, set owners rarely will watch more than two programs, on the average, an evening. They will wait home for something they want to see very badly. While they wait—or after they've seen what they want to, and it's too late to go out—they will be sitting in their own homes with time on their hands. Who knows but what a few of them may form the brand-new and intoxicating habit of picking up a good book!

Maybe this is Cerf, the optimist, whistling in the dark, but I'm like the late George M. Cohan when they tried to tell him radio would kill the legitimate theatre. "Go on with you," he scoffed. "The only thing that will keep an American home is a dame." It's hard to forgive him for overlooking books—but at least Cohan remained faithful to the profession he loved—and he died rich. I'm going to try to do the same thing. . . .



THE NEW YORK STAGE IS ENJOYING its best season in years. This column is being written before Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman" and Clifford Odets's "The Big Knife" have come to Broadway, but, judging by reports of their tryouts, they will add further luster to a season that has already provided (and I list them in the order of what I think is their appeal to *SRL* readers) "The Madwoman of Chaillot," "Life with Mother," "Edward, My Son," "Anne of the Thousand Days," "Light Up the Sky," "Lend an Ear," "Red Gloves," "Kiss Me, Kate," "Where's Charley?," "Love Life," "Goodbye, My Fancy," and "The Silver Whistle." Two carry-overs, "Mr. Roberts" and "A Streetcar Named Desire," are, of course, "musts" if you haven't seen them yet. And I hear that Sidney Kingsley's new play, "Detective Story," and the Rodgers-Hammerstein-Michener-Logan "South Pacific" will make independent fortunes for the authors and their backers. . . . Dick Rodgers played the score of "South Pacific" for me before I left New York (when you read this, I will be in California) and it is just about his best. One song, "Some Enchanted Evening," will be on the Hit Parade for months. . . . Cole Porter's score for "Kiss Me, Kate" is something else to cheer about (Columbia has recorded it complete with the original cast), and the notion of making a musical of "Taming of the Shrew" was a brilliant one—but I, for one, found the book singularly unfunny. "Lend an Ear" has ten times its freshness and originality. If it only had a couple of those Porter songs! . . . Incidentally, Russel Crouse suggests that the road company of the Porter smash be called "Kiss Me, Duplikate." . . . Turning for one moment to movies, I urge you to run as fast as your little feet will carry you to "A Letter to Three Wives," the most delightful screen comedy in years. W. Somerset Maugham's "Quartette" and "Command Decision" also provide adult, solid entertainment. "The Snake Pit" should win the imminent Academy Award. And there's a new Carol Reed thriller coming soon from England. Over there it was called "Fallen Idol"; the title may be changed for America. It is taken from the Graham Greene story. Watch for it. . . .

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F. MARIE FOSTER, of the Greensboro, N. C., Public Library, reports that the young mother of a rapidly multiplying brood secured a part-time job in a local bookshop to add a mite to the family exchequer. Her very first customer inquired, "Do you carry 'Children by the Dozen'?" "Good heavens," she gasped, "how did you know?" . . . Harry Zorn, of the Germanic Museum at Harvard, writes, "It is interesting to note that while 'der Verlager' means only 'the publisher' in German, the verb 'verlegen' means both 'to publish' and 'to mislay.' There is also an adjective, 'verlegen,' which means 'embarrassed' or 'confused'." I have an unpleasant feeling that Mr. Zorn has something definite in mind. . . . A Hollywood stenographer explained to Irving Hoffman that her typewriter was jammed and she could do nothing until the repair man came. The impatient Hoffman asked, "Exactly which keys won't work?" "Oh," she answered, "all them little swear words in the top row." . . .

TO A PACKED HOUSE at the G. Fox and Company Auditorium in Hartford, Fulton Oursler told of the day some years ago when Miriam Hopkins's young son Michael squired Oursler's six-year-old daughter to a church pageant. "Look," whispered Michael, "there comes the Devil." "There really is no devil," Miss Oursler informed him. "He's just imaginary like Santa Claus. Wait and see: it'll probably turn out to be papa!" . . . Oursler's new book, "The Greatest Story Ever Told," was begun in 1944. Then an executive from the ABC network persuaded him to attempt a radio dramatization before the book was completed. That is why it began as an air show three years before it appeared in print. It has the highest Hooper rating ever accorded a religious program. . . .

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ler in Hartford were Myron Brinig, Phyllis Fraser, and the wonderful Helen Hokinson. . . . Miss Hokinson said she never could deliver a regular speech, so I interviewed her on stage and she delighted everybody with her rapid-fire replies to all questions. "Those club women I depict in *The New Yorker* are not the least bit silly," she insisted. "They say things I might say myself. In fact, I *have* said them!" . . . At the Flower Show, a stout lady caught her sketching in a notebook and simpered, "What little goodie are you drawing now?" Miss Hokinson retreated rapidly without answering, because the "little goodie" she was drawing was the stout lady herself! . . . Her own favorite of the year was the one of a lady examining a globe and exclaiming to her companions, "Goodness, isn't Chile *thin*!" In her latest collection, "When Were *You* Built?," Miss Hokinson frequently finds humor in bookstore conversations. One customer tells her rental librarian, "I like poetry all right, but I hate to pay five cents a day for it"; another pouts, "Well, the truth is, I'm lukewarm about insane asylums." Most charitable is the lady who announces, "I've decided to give Louis Bromfield another chance". . . .

Accompanying Helen Hokinson was Dutton's able Elliot Graham, who was absorbed on the train in a copy of Wendy Wood's "Mac's Croft," a tale of the Scottish highlands. Observing the appropriate plaid binding, a Hartford offshoot of the Huebsch family remarked, "That shouldn't have been a Dutton book. The right publishers for it were Hootmon Mifflin!"

—BENNETT CERF.

Love, Without Love . .

By Dilys Bennett Laing

WHIRLPOOL for the eyes
O point of rest
within the vortex, best
loved and desired
spirit I watch you lest
you fly and leave me lost
for I who am nothing
take on a substance
and acquire a root
in the eye seeing me
in the spirit attending:
the attending spirit
empty as I am empty
that takes on substance
and acquires a root
in me, in the eye seeing
the ear hearing the
spirit attending. O love
without love we die.

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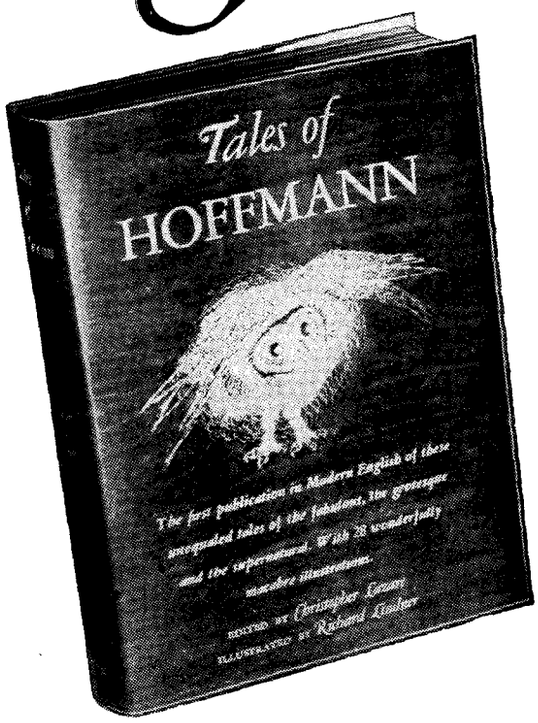

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The Griffin turns tail

THROUGHOUT most of our association with him the Griffin has brought his experience of the past to bear upon the problems of the present and the future. But on occasion, from the vantage point of the present, he likes to turn and survey the course of the centuries over which he has come. And when he does, as often as not, the Griffin finds himself sharing the prospect with a small, bearded writer of history for whom he has a well-founded respect.

The Griffin likes to think of Fletcher Pratt as a writer of history because the words describe a more intimate and vigorous relationship with the life behind us than the aloof and Olympian appellation, historian. In a very real sense there is no history until it is written; there is only the past with its tangled, obscure content of facts, legends and mysteries.

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For a long time now Fletcher Pratt has been writing this kind of history. He has tried his hand most successfully at both military and naval history, and at ancient and modern, European and American periods. All of his books have been distinguished by verve, readability, and a sound, discriminating scholarship. He has written of the Marine Corps and the Navy with the stipulation that he be free to draw his own conclusions and make his own criticisms and the tribute of these services to him has been to open their records and say, "Go ahead."

With all this, however, it has only been recently that he has begun to receive either the critical or the popular reception that his admirers, foremost among them the Griffin, have always thought he deserved. Currently Mr. Pratt has two books freshly available to the public. One, a classic of its kind, is a republication of a book that became a collector's item in its original form, ORDEAL BY FIRE. Of it Bernard De Voto, a critic not easy to satisfy when it comes to historical matters, has said, "This is the best one volume history of the Civil War I've ever read."

The other, the third in the series of Fletcher Pratt's Napoleonic histories, THE EMPIRE AND THE GLORY: *Napoleon Bonaparte, 1800-1806,* is best described, the Griffin thinks, by another highly regarded authority, Garrett Mattingly: "Fletcher Pratt is about the best military historian now going. This third volume of his about the Napoleonic period comes to the classic campaigns by land, and it is the mark of his power that he can make them seem once more fresh and exciting. No one who has read the two earlier volumes will want to miss this book; no one who enjoys military history can afford to do so."

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Sensitivity as Censor

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

—*Bachrach.*

John Haynes Holmes

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Haynes Holmes, author of this significant discussion of the attitudes of American minority groups toward censorship, has been one of the best-known and most widely respected clergymen in America for more than a generation. Dr. Holmes is minister of the Community Church in New York. He has been Board Chairman of the American Civil Liberties Union since 1939, and a vice president of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People since 1909. In 1933, Dr. Holmes was awarded the Gottheil medal for his services to the Jewish people.*

A SERIOUS situation is arising in the field of civil liberties, through the current attempt of well-organized pressure groups to suppress the presentation of material in theatres, movies, and radio which seems to be offensive to their feelings or dangerous to their interests. Something like an informal and yet drastic censorship is now appearing, and is already assuming power to dictate what shall, and shall not, be made available to the general public.

The case of Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice" is much to the point. Some years ago Jewish individuals and groups began to object to the presentation of this great play upon the stage, or even to the study of its pages by boys and girls in high school or college. The reason for this action is, of course, Shylock, a Jew, not a very pleasant Jew, in fact a villain, rather a magnificent villain. To exhibit this character, it is argued, is to defame the Jews. It tends to persuade people that all Jews are Shylocks. But does it? Are people generally so stupid as to transform a single personality into a general type? If so, then Italians must object, in sheer self-defense, to Iago in "Othello," and Englishmen to Falstaff in "Henry IV." If bad characters are not to be depicted as belonging to any especial race, religion, or nationality, then how can evil ever be presented in its eternal fight against good? Are we to return to the old morality plays, wherein characters are not persons at all, but abstract qualities, clothed upon for the moment in unidentifiable flesh?

What was begun so successfully with "The Merchant of Venice" has now been continued with Dickens's "Oliver Twist." An English version of this famous story has been made into a movie, after the pattern of "Great Expectations," and now has been refused entrance into this country because of the protests of Jews, including the American Board of Rabbis and various other powerful organizations. The trouble in this instance, of course, is Fagin, unmistakably a Jew, and an ugly Jew at that. But if all Jews are going to rise up against Dickens's novel because of Fagin, why should not all Englishmen rise up against the book because of Bill Sikes? Of these two villains, Bill is by all odds the more terrible. But I have yet to hear of anybody objecting to the work on this account.

The latest victim, a kind of *reductio ad absurdum*, is Scott's "Ivanhoe," a mammoth movie production now in preparation. Rumors come from Hollywood that already Jewish opposition is threatening this film. Objection must center about Isaac of York and his daughter Rebecca, but it seems incredible that this can be true. For Isaac, as I remember him, is a heroic character who suffers horribly at the hands of Anglo-Saxon persecution. As for Rebecca, she is the real heroine of the story, and it is a rare reader who is not sorry that at the end she does not marry Ivanhoe. One has only to think of Rebecca's hymn, the greatest of all Jewish hymns, to know that there is not a trace of offense in this book.

But the Jews are not the only people who are mistakenly sensitive. Some time ago, for example, Negroes in certain sections of the country undertook to suppress a musical version of the classic play "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Their contention was that the

—*The Bettmann Archive.*

Irving as Shylock—Shall "the Jews have literary immunity from the sins that beset the rest of the human family"?

old sentimentalized plantation Negro was a slander on the race. As the Negro had been emancipated from slavery, so he had a right to be emancipated as well from the tradition of surrender and shame attaching to this institution. To be sure, Uncle Tom had remarkable qualities—patience, forbearance, long-suffering, kindness, forgiveness. But these are all negative or passive virtues. The Negro today, we are reminded, has dignity and courage, and the elements of free manhood, and is so to be represented. Which means that from the literary and dramatic point of view, the suppression of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" may be all to the good! But there remains none the less the question of liberty in a democracy, which is not to be lightly cast aside.

"Uncle Tom" was matched more recently by the case of Walt Disney's "Uncle Remus," which, for much the same reason, was condemned by many Negroes. Their opposition must have contributed heavily to the failure of this picture. But the supreme example in this field is "The Birth of a Nation." Here is a screen play which must stand technically memorable in the history of the movie. Its appearance marked the opening of a new era on the screen. But the material of the picture is vicious. It undoubtedly was a contributing factor in the revival of the Ku Klux Klan. What more natural than the fact that our colored friends have for years sought to suppress this

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picture wherever it has appeared? Its revival is now practically impossible. This is understandable enough, but what about the principle of freedom? Are we going to consent to the suppression of art at the hands of private or group interest?

Other instances of what may not inaccurately be called unofficial censorship, suppression by terrorization, are easily available. A recent one is the exclusion of the weekly magazine *The Nation* from the public schools of New York City, at the instance of the Roman Catholic Church, which has long been busy in this unhappy business. The organization of the Legion of Decency, so-called, and its quiet but nonetheless effective work behind the scenes in Hollywood, is a conspicuous, and today perhaps the most impressive, illustration of what I mean by unofficial group censorship. The ban of the League upon moving pictures is of enormous effect, and may well ruin the small local theatre by the interdiction laid upon the Catholic flock which may constitute a major part of its clientele. But ordinarily it has not been necessary to impose this ban. The mere presence of the League, like a secret police lurking in the background, prevents production at the source, and an unwelcome picture is stopped before it is begun.

What these minority groups desire, in such cases as I have cited, is not unworthy and is wholly natural. By banishing all unfavorable presentation of their part in our common world, they strive to escape the prejudice and persecution, the mean misunderstandings and horrid hates, which are all too often made their tragic lot.

What these minority groups are afraid of, in such cases as I have cited, is prejudice and persecution which they should not in decency be asked to endure. Returning to the opposition of Jewish people to "The Merchant of Venice," on grounds that it is defamatory and anti-Semitic, I am inclined to believe they are unduly sensitive. I heard the other day that my grandson was reading "The Merchant of Venice" at school. I took pains to question him closely, and found a vast enthusiasm for the play and no feeling at all against Jews. As for the stage, I saw Henry Irving, years ago, play the greatest of Shylocks. His interpretation of the character was along heroic and tragic lines. I recall how outraged I was by the elopement of Jessica, daughter of Shylock, and by her stealing of her father's jewels, which were all wrapped up with his touching love for Leah, his deceased wife. In the trial scene my pity was all for the Jew, in the hands of his persecutors, on whom was played so dirty a legal trick. I was profoundly moved by the famous "hath not a Jew eyes" speech, and still recall and record it as the noblest statement in our literature of the Jew's case. Irving, as well as other actors of our time, while hiding nothing of Shylock's rancor, explained it sympathetically, and thus saved the drama from anti-Semitism.

The same is true of Charles Dickens when he wrote "Oliver Twist," and placed a Jew, Fagin, at the heart of the story. Is this a case of anti-Semitism? If so, then we must believe that all Jews are saints, and that no evil must ever be ascribed to any one of them. Other men, of other race or religion, may commit crimes, but not members of the house of Israel. These latter are outside the pale of frail and faulty human nature, and thus never guilty of debasing qualities of character. The logic here, in other words, is that the Jew shall have literary immunity from the sins that do so easily beset the rest of the human family. Dickens was a good hater. He ripped the hide off his own countrymen, and left some supreme villains —Bill Sikes, Uriah Heep, Mr. Pecksniff, Steerforth, Quip—wrapped up in the integuments of English flesh. What Dickens did to America and Americans is still something fearful to think of, but he still lives in the admiration and grace of us all. We bear no grudge against him. We would certainly resent and oppose in this country any attempt to suppress "Martin Chuzzlewit" or "American Notes." These books may be unfair—I think they are! But they are the works of a novelist who is immortal and a part of a literature which is precious.

As for Walter Scott and his great heart, I have only to quote one passage from "Ivanhoe," which we are told the Jews don't like. On page 74 of my edition of this book, Scott writes of the Jews that:

> except perhaps the flying fish, there was no race existing on the earth, in the air, or the waters, who were the object of such an unintermitting, general, and relentless persecution as the Jews of this period. Upon the slightest and most unreasonable pretenses, as well as upon accusations the most absurd and groundless, their persons and property were exposed to every turn of popular fury; for Normans, Saxons, Dane, and Briton, however adverse these races were to each other, contended which should look with greatest detestation upon a people whom it was accounted a point of religion to hate, to revile, to despise, to plunder, and to persecute. The kings of the Norman Race, and the independent nobles who followed their example in all acts of tyranny, maintained against this devoted people a persecution of a more regular, calculated, and self-interested kind.

No anti-Semitism or other wickedness appears in these masterpieces of fictional or dramatic art. In the case of Negroes and Catholics, as little as of Jews, great writers are not concerned, in any spirit of evil delight or intent, with prejudice against their fellow-beings. They treat these groups, in other words, just as they treat the rest of the human race—as complexes of flesh and spirit, to be presented without apology or reproach. They present their works as transcripts of life, in which evil contends with good for the conquest of man's heart.

ANY serious production of genius, which penetrates deep into the soul, and studies sympathetically the incidence of vice and virtue in the vast range of human experience, is certain sooner or later to hit and hurt some-

(*Continued on page* 23)

Rising Wind

By Sara King Carleton

THAT was no passer-by who hailed us then,
Only the night wind rising. Close the door,
Come back into the firelit room again,
No one is there. The sound you heard before
Was the light tapping of the brittle leaves
From the great elm tree, falling, falling down,
Flicking the shingles, creeping in the eaves;
No laggard footsteps on the road to town.

Around our shuttered comfort, books and chairs,
The silence draws the quiet of its wings,
On straight hung curtains, curved and polished stairs,
No menace shadows such familiar things.
Outside the clouds drive at the stars, the black
Low marsh is storm-whipped. Close the door! Come back!

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Fiction. *By one of the twists of fortune that occasionally overtake book publication dates, this week's roster of new fiction contains something likely to appeal to every taste. For devotees of the family chronicle, there is Georges Duhamel's "Suzanne and Joseph," filled with stock characters pirouetting in a France between wars. For lovers of the Gothic tale, Truman Capote's skilful short stories in "A Tree of Night." For those who care for satire, Evelyn Waugh's somewhat disappointing "Scott-King's Modern Europe." Readers eager to see the world again through a child's eyes will pick Catharine Whitcomb's delicately handled "Door to the Garden."* Aficiandos *of robust and romantic historical fiction will choose Norah Lofts's "A Calf for Venus." And those who like to consider sociological problems through fiction will find Hal Ellson's "Duke" a satisfying brew. All are competently done, although Capote's book is perhaps the only one which achieves a measure of distinction.*

Upward Climb of a Tribe

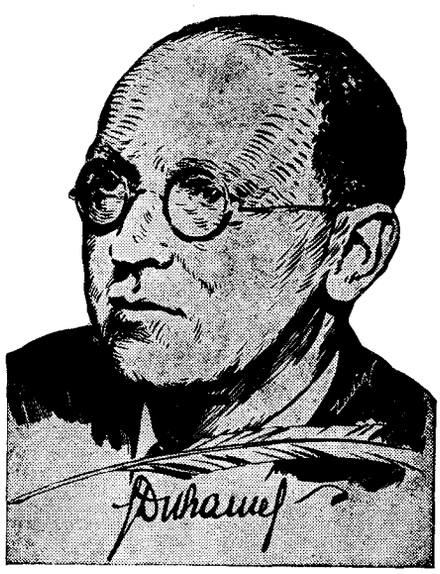
SUZANNE AND JOSEPH. By Georges Duhamel. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1949. 346 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE two short novels which compose this volume were first published in France in 1940 and 1941, and may be assumed to be, as they are said to be, the last of the Pasquier family chronicles, which Georges Duhamel began to write with warm humanity and a wealth of humor when Hitler still seemed no more than a faintly ridiculous cloud on the world's horizon. But what started so robustly as a comic-tragic and very Gallic "Life with Father" has not so much ended as been allowed to shrivel within its author's hands. The stories of Suzanne and Joseph Pasquier conclude nothing, nor do they provide one of those vague but suggestive endings which spur a reader's imagination to carry on beyond the last of the written words. "The upward climb of a tribe," which was Duhamel's theme, has led to no significant height or destination. Perhaps history is to blame.

The last of the Pasquiers to play leading parts are Suzanne and her brother Joseph. Their parents, it must be said, were made of more interesting stuff. The pretty little girl, of whom we had our first real glimpse when bailiffs laid hands upon her family's furniture in the middle 1890's, has grown up, by 1921, into a beautiful and successful Parisian actress. Joseph, who in the early days of the Pasquier chronicles could hardly wait to quit his studies so that he might get down to life's real business of making money; Joseph, who went without luncheons for more than two years in order to have his first 200 francs, has grown into the man whose features were becoming visible in the child. But both brother and sister, for all their worldly success, are hollow creatures. Suzanne has turned her back on life, for the sake of the stage's make-believe; while Joseph's humanity, such as it ever was, has been destroyed by the cancer of acquisitiveness, by a literally insatiable appetite for possessions and honors.

When Philippe Baudoin, who adores Suzanne, says to her, "You love the stage, don't you, mademoiselle?," she replies: "How can I explain to you, Philippe, that I only feel reality, I only understand it properly, on the stage? . . . You ask me if I love the theatre—what a question! I would rather be Andromaque on the stage than a happy wife and mother in real life. And I think we are all like that."



Georges Duhamel's "theme has led to no significant height or destination."

This is in the best tradition of how a dedicated actress should speak in a traditional theatrical novel; and in Vidame, the director, Suzanne has another stock character to play opposite her, or at least beside her. An artificial conflict is created when Suzanne, annoyed by Vidame's trickery, tries to escape from the stage, which has served her so completely as an escape from life. I say artificial because her route of attempted flight is by way of the Baudoin family, a supposedly delightful, even idyllic group which has no more reality than the gilt crown in an actress-queen's dressing-room—being merely the figment of a novelist's imagination, operating with uncurbed whimsicality and sentimentality. Suzanne proves something of a serpent in this fancy-dress Eden, where time does not exist and life is all music, rhythm, art, and fraternal play; and, when a rude messenger from another make-believe world comes to reclaim her for the theatre, the baseless fabric of the Baudoin household dissolves like the insubstantial pageant of a dream.

There is no escape for Suzanne, aged twenty-nine. "She had chosen her way and her life of her own free will. And now perhaps this life was but the shadow of the real, living life. Never mind! It was too late. . . . For the first time Suzanne actually felt what she imitated so well under the limelights before the audience; the anguish of an aching heart. Truly she was suffering." So the author tells us, but we do not believe him. And if we do, we do not care, for the good and sufficient reason that there is nothing in Suzanne to care about, nothing to rouse us to any response.

Nor is there in Joseph, who comes close to caricature at his creator's worst, and is at his best a coarsely drawn representative of the ruthless, *arriviste*, acquisitive type of businessman whose operations are wholly selfish and socially sterile. Joseph sums up at least part of his philosophy when he declares: "The real pleasure and satisfaction in life is to have what the other fellow can't afford. And I know what I'm talking about. All those who say the contrary are hypocrites." His weakness —and the first self-realization of any weakness is fatal to a man of his stamp—is his inability to believe in another's honesty when he meets it. He is not a tragic, or even a moving figure. Ridiculous and contemptible, yes; sometimes grotesque, and amus-

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ing in an unpleasant way—but nothing more.

The Pasquiers were most worth while when the older generation still held the center of the stage, before the children had gone their separate ways. Then they gave a promise that has not been kept.

As to the quality of the English translation by Beatrice de Holthoir, the brief passages quoted are fair samples.

Parade of Horribles

A TREE OF NIGHT And Other Stories. By Truman Capote. New York: Random House. 1949. 209 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MILTON CRANE

CAPOTE'S first book of short stories bears certain resemblances to his "Other Voices, Other Rooms." Most of these stories, like the novel, are laid in a deep South that makes the Faulkner country seem as innocent as Penrod Schofield's home town. In the main, these are Gothic tales—Gothic not only in their author's unabashed desire to freeze his readers' blood but in the means he employs to achieve his end. One of the very special attractions of the Gothic novel, in the hands of Horace Walpole and Mrs. Radcliffe, is the unexplained apparition which pursues hero, heroine, and reader down an infinity of dim corridors, and whose identity is not revealed even in the tidy denouement of the last chapter. It is a pleasant device, when used with discretion; Mr. Capote, unfortunately, tends to make it the mainspring of the action in tale after tale.

Consider the curious A. F. Revercomb of "Master Misery," who goes into the business of buying dreams and thereby entraps the innocent Sylvia. This unfortunate girl, in thrall to Mr. Revercomb, leaves the tiresome young couple with whom she lives, loses her job, and finally frees herself from the dream-merchant with the aid of the ambiguous drunk Oreilly. The reader must choose between a symbolism too obvious to be credible and another about which only surmises can be made.

Mr. Revercomb, the eater of dreams, who never appears in "Master Misery," is nevertheless a more explicit personification of Nemesis than are some of Mr. Capote's bogeymen; at least he has a name. The nameless horror of "Shut a Final Door" dogs the doomed hero from New York to New Orleans, telephoning from time to time to say: "Hello, Walter. Oh, you know me, Walter. You've known me a long time." An ingenious combination of the legendary Chinese water-torture and Frank Sullivan's Mr. Arbuthnot, the Cliché Expert.

Or take the hapless heroine of the title story, "A Tree of Night." She is Kay, nineteen years old, a sophomore at a college in Atlanta, to which she is returning by train from a funeral. She is obliged to sit with an odd couple: the man is described as deaf and dumb by the woman, a frowsy and vulgar harridan in her fifties. The woman forces bad gin on Kay and tries to induce her to buy a charm from the man. Kay makes an abortive effort to escape, but is charmed into returning to her seat: "A warm laziness relaxed her. She was dimly conscious of it when the woman took away her purse, and when she gently pulled the raincoat like a shroud about her head." Exit Kay.

These summaries do Mr. Capote's art something less than justice. Although there are few unfamiliar figures in his parade of horribles, he manipulates his puppets dexterously and occasionally produces a genuine *frisson*. In "Miriam," for example, the objectification of horror in the monstrous person of a twelve-year-old, white-haired girl is altogether successful in suggesting the disintegration of personality in a lonely old woman, who conjures up this destructive parasite bearing her own name. Most of Mr. Capote's creations, unfortunately, hobble rather than glide, possibly because they must carry an excessive weight of symbolic meaning. And the two stories which are in no sense Gothic, "Children on Their Birthdays" and "My Side of the Matter," are derivative and pretentious. Mr. Capote has reasonable prospects of success with his Grand Guignol as long as he resists the temptation to stray outside his genre.

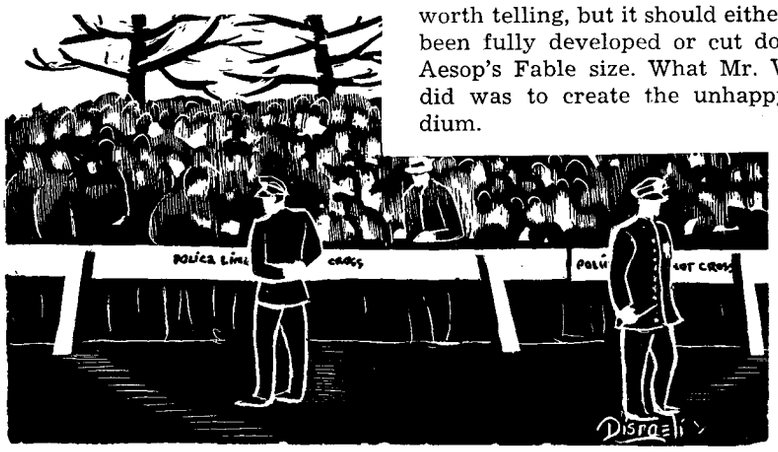
Old Order vs. the New

SCOTT-KING'S MODERN EUROPE. By Evelyn Waugh. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1949. 89 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by NORMAN COUSINS

THIS is perhaps the shortest novel of the season—in itself a recommendation at a time of too many overweight but undernourished novels. And yet, in this case at least, Mr. Waugh's brevity produces something less than the soul of wit, for "Scott-King's Modern Europe," short as it is, is much too long for what it has to say. Except for a few happy flashes, its attempts at amusing satire are distinctly of the low-voltage variety. As a magazine piece, which it was originally, it perhaps pays its way, but between boards it does little to advance Mr. Waugh's reputation. Indeed, coming so soon after "The Loved One," which never quite came off, "Scott-King's Modern Europe" may disappoint and baffle many of Mr. Waugh's followers in this country who may be able to overlook his apparent passion for trivia but not the tossed-off impression created by these two latest works.

"Scott-King's Modern Europe" never seems to make up its mind as to whether it is satire or allegory or parable or fable or farce. It attempts to contrast the deliberative, unhurried life of a man of reason with the life of power, brashness, and ignorance of a traditionless totalitarianism. It attempts to dramatize the helplessness and ineptness of the old order when confronted or captured by the new, but says that over the longer range, the qualities inherent in classicism represent our only real hope and strength for the building of tomorrow. Before he arrives at the moral of his story, Mr. Waugh goes in for a good deal of literary horseplay, permits his cast to thrash around without stage directions, and invokes images and situations which may have clearer meaning for some of his friends than for a general audience. There is a story here worth telling, but it should either have been fully developed or cut down to Aesop's Fable size. What Mr. Waugh did was to create the unhappy medium.



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"Catharine Whitcomb has tackled an ambitious task undeviatingly."

"Norah Lofts can keep plot and reader together no matter what."

From Misery to Madness

THE DOOR TO THE GARDEN. By Catharine Whitcomb. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1949. 273 pp. $3.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

MISS WHITCOMB has tackled an ambitious task undeviatingly. She gets to the heart of the matter and through her unerring awareness leads us straight to that unearthy world existing in the mind of a child. Her book is divided into two parts, the little girl, then the grown-up. The subtlety of the writing, the shift in attitude and observation mark the ugly division in time, though the yearning remains unchanged.

This is the story of Kate and of her search for happiness. Child of divorce, early missing Mama's warmth and clean, sweet dresses, she soon learns fear and misunderstanding. For Kate was the bad one, the wilful, deceitful, violent one; at eternal enmity with her goading, stupidly brutal father, impatient with but loyal to her sniffling sister, and always and forever utterly alone, eager for love. The adults in her life except for beloved Aunt Lavinia and Uncle Zero are hopelessly cruel.

"Being a child was never so bad around Aunt Lavinia." She shelters Kate and her sister Bunny summer after sunny summer in the big house. Here the lost young soul finds wisdom and peace and at least a glimmer of hope. But winters come and Papa looms large and Aunt Lavinia dies and there is only sick Uncle Zero to be near.

Uncle Zero, submissive husband of Papa's ignorant sister, Aunt Q., finally asserts himself by digging his own garden. Kate "felt that he was committing himself forever by this act of independence and she trembled for fear he would give it up and go back to his unobtrusive chair in the corner of his parlor and his life of spineless ease." But Zero stays firm, then withers away with his flowers.

Until she meets Jim, these two dear creatures alone have tried to help Kate. Papa tortures her, making scene after grating scene, taunting her without mercy because of her defiance, and punishing her endlessly because she wasn't born a boy. Mr. Dinsmore is soft in comparison. Aunt Q. is no less evil. Through incessant nagging, through always favoring Bunny, she contributes forcibly to Kate's mounting madness.

Finally the breakdown comes with maturity. Kate is on her own, has written a book, and has taken a lover of compassion. It is through him, after her crack-up, that the golden key is found; through him that the darkness lifts.

This almost unendurable childhood is brilliantly done. Etched in heartbreak, family cleavage, and uncommunicability, Kate's youth is sadly twisted. The adroit blurring of adults into alphabets, the recording The Things That Matter in capital letters, and the dreamlike quality of groping make for vividness. Thinking as a child becomes overwhelmingly real. Much of imagination and flavor is lost as Kate puts away childish things. For the reader's pleasure, albeit to Kate's pain, she simply should never grow up.

Bordello Doll-Baby

A CALF FOR VENUS. By Norah Lofts. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1949. 253 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

NORAH LOFTS is one of those story-tellers who can't miss. She excels in historical realism, for one thing. And even when her plot involves unappetizing characters, as it did in "Jassy," the flow of action sweeps the reader along in its tide.

In "A Calf for Venus" Miss Lofts must have set out to prove that she can keep plot and reader together no matter what. And she does keep them together, mainly through murky suspense and the undercover adventure of contraband-running in early nineteenth-century England. But she tempts luck and strains the reader's patience when she hangs her plot on so wobbly a peg as the colorless medical apprentice named Humphrey Shadbolt. Dr. Shadbolt, to give him his courtesy title, is as trying a young fool as ever fell in love with the kind of blue-eyed doll whose upper and lower lashes interlace when they meet. It is hard to believe that even the jet-propelled action of such a Juliet's glance could dynamize so spineless and faceless a Romeo into becoming a part-time Al Capone, watered down and several times removed, among the cut-throats of the excise-dodging underworld.

Humphrey fell under the spell of the long-lashed eyes when he first saw Letty in the coach to Bury St. Edmunds. He was assistant to old Dr. Coppard in Bury. She was on her way to enter the service of her aunt there, the notorious Mrs. Rowan, who ran the town's most suspicious coffee house. Letty's moral health was now more important to Humphrey than the physical health of his patients. His main concern was to find out whether Mrs. Rowan and her popular establishment deserved their reputation. They did. Patrons entered the front door of the coffee house for the obvious purpose, the back door for a less obvious and less innocent one. Mrs. Rowan's daughters were, as Humphrey feared, no better than they should be. Letty was in, but not of, a bordello.

To get money for Letty's rescue, Humphrey devoted his nights and his energy to the clandestine business of getting rum, tobacco, and tea past the excise agents. Bloodshed and tragedy rode the furtive rounds with him. Letty took an understandable fancy to his after-dark boss and fellow gangster, a devil with the women and

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a monkey-faced scoundrel to boot.

Such a triangle was destined to hold a witches' brew, and Miss Lofts not only fills it to overflowing but spikes it with the theme of the bar sinister. In less skilful hands the drab story of Humphrey's mother could have sabotaged the plot. Thanks to the author's sure craftsmanship, even so contrived a complication does not keep the excitement from sizzling.

There are two notable characters in "A Calf for Venus": Mrs. Rowan, high priestess of the coffee-house rites, and Dr. Coppard, the physician to whom Humphrey is apprenticed. Mrs. Rowan, smooth, poised, quick-witted in her contest with the law, hangs up some kind of literary record for a highly specialized form of depravity. This past mistress of the double-cross blandly commercializes the charms of her own daughters.

Old Dr. Bury is the only citizen of Bury, in fact of the district, who can cope with Mrs. Rowan. He is a genial humanitarian, the most tolerant of laissez faire-ists, and a first-rate doctor to boot. He is wasted on his moon-calf protégé. It is downright unfair of the author to keep so much of Dr. Coppard hidden till the end.

Gang Leader, Aged Fifteen

DUKE. By Hal Ellson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1949. 170 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

THE first time I saw a little colored boy on a street in Harlem wearing a door-key strung around his neck on two shoelaces tied together, I didn't know what it meant. He was perhaps seven years old, his hair was cropped so close that the glaze of the scalp showed through, and all innocence was long-gone from his eyes. His mother was downtown doing for her white lady; his daddy's whereabouts could have been anybody's guess. His mother hung the door-key on him in the mornings when she left for the day, but, except when he went up for the sandwich and the bottle of Pepsi she had put out for him, there was nobody home all day but the shiny brown roaches. There were, and are, thousands like him between the Harlem River and the Hudson above 110th Street, and they are known as the Door-key Children. The only other boy I ever met whose mother had hung a door-key on him was about eighteen, and the key, which he was not wearing around his neck, was a gold one, initialed, and had been especially made for him by Cartier's. I know this because he showed it to me at Nick's, in the Village, where he spent a lot of time while his mother was away in Florida, stretching a bathing suit, and his daddy was down on Wall Street, doing for a white lady on Central Park West.

Aside from their keys, both of these young New Yorkers have in common the fact that they are each victims of our culture, but it is the little colored boy with whom Hal Ellson concerns himself in this brief, brutal, case-history novel called "Duke." Mr. Ellson has worked with juvenile delinquents for several years, as a recreational therapist, and his story of Duke, a fifteen-year-old gang leader, is closely based on fact. There are several good, sound reasons why Duke, at fifteen, is the way he is. He smokes marijuana, is a runner (salesman) for a marijuana pusher, an efficient and cynical pander, a thief and the arrogant President of The Mighty Counts, a gang of teen-age, and younger, Negro boys who rob, vandalize, and invade the arbitrarily defined territories of other, similar gangs to fight senseless battles with them with sticks, stones, milk bottles, and often home-made .22 pistols.

Duke was typical of these ruined children. He had known for a long time that he was a black little boy living in a world owned by and operated for the benefit of whites; his home was an address on a dirty Harlem street, a place where he could hide out, lie low, "cool off," as he would put it, when the hard-eyed dicks came sniffing around the district; where he could smoke his sticks of marijuana in the empty daytime rooms and dream his grandiose dreams, the dreams of the marijuana

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

INITIALS OF AUTHORS

This week's quiz was suggested by Helen Nitzsche, of Maquoketa, Iowa. Below are listed the names of fifty-one authors whose names customarily include an initial or two. The initials are temporarily replaced by dashes. Allowing two points for each name you can correctly complete, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 19.

1. Franklin — Adams
2. Pearl — Buck
3. — — Bunner
4. James — Cain
5. — — Chesterton
6. Irvin — Cobb
7. George — Cohan
8. — — Coppard
9. Thomas — Costain
10. — — Cronin
11. — — Cummings
12. — — Daly
13. —Antoine D'Arcy
14. — — Delafield
15. — Conan Doyle
16. — — Eliot
17. James — Farrell
18. — Scott Fitzgerald
19. — — Forester
20. — — Gilbert
21. Edgar — Guest
22. Felicia — Hemans
23. — Henry
24. — — Herbert
25. Laura — Hobson
26. — — Housman
27. — — Jacobs
28. Alfred — Kinsey
29. Ring — Lardner
30. — — Lawrence
31. John — Marquand
32. — Van Wyck Mason
33. — Somerset Maugham
34. — — Mencken
35. — — Milne
36. Clement — Moore
37. Petroleum — Nasby
38. — — Perelman
39. Walter — Pitkin
40. Leonard — Ross
41. Robert — Service
42. Charles — Sheldon
43. — Allen Smith
44. Mrs. — — — — Southworth
45. — — Stern
46. — — Tomlinson
47. James — Ullman
48. — — Van Dine
49. — — Wells
50. — — White
51. — — Wodehouse

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smoker and also the compensating fantasies of the outcast, the insecure and disinherited.

Duke's days and nights are spent in a climate of danger and tension, from which he finds relief only in the narcotic intoxication of marijuana and the exhilaration of gang warfare. He glides through shabby streets in Brooklyn and Harlem, delivering his little white sticks of contraband; he operates, for a while, a wretched brothel in a deserted, boarded-up house, where girls of fourteen await, in the light of stolen candles, the furtive visits of older men. Sometimes, walking carefully home under the street lights, he imagines he hears footsteps behind him, and a soft, urgent voice calling: "Duke. Hey, Duke." He knows he is waiting for something, and one night, he knows what it is he has been waiting for when the policeman steps out of the squad car with a gun. "Something like this was going to happen. It had to happen. I knowed it all along."

Almost all of this has been told, and magnificently, in Richard Wright's "Native Son." Mr. Ellson's story has an especial immediacy from being told in the first person, and he has tried hard, if not always successfully, to keep it within the bounds of Duke's semi-literate idiom.

As a case history, as an honest attempt to shatter a common complacency with the weapon of shock, "Duke" enlists itself in an excellent cause. As a novel it suffers from the fault of ambivalence, of monotone. The tragedy is stated in the first few pages. The rest neither descends nor rises from the initial predicament. Duke can find a place for himself neither in the case history nor in the novel; in this book, as in his life, there is no place for him to go.

The World.

In recent months our writers have been busy Monday-morning-quarterbacking World War II and peering into crystal balls to learn whether the shape of things to come might turn out to be World War III. Robert Magidoff's "In Anger and Pity," published this week and reviewed below, is important reading for everyone anxious to understand the Russian enigma. Two other new books look backwards. J. F. C. Fuller, a British World War I general who watched the recent war from the vantage point of his London club, offers his conclusions in "The Second World War." Guillain de Benouville, in "The Unknown Warriors," writes of his experiences leading the French Resistance movement. Yet, as our reviewers imply, even these retrospective volumes hold lessons for the future: Fuller's for its stimulating comment on military action, De Benouville's for its advice about guerilla action.

A Land of Contradictions

IN ANGER AND PITY. By Robert Magidoff. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1949. 278 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN

THIS book, written under the impact of the author's expulsion a year ago from the USSR, where he had been representing the National Broadcasting Company and the MacGraw-Hill Company, on the allegation that he was a spy, is a human document that will not please either admirers or detractors of the Soviet system.

Robert Magidoff spent many years in Russia; he knows the Russian language; he fell in love with and married an exceptionally gifted and perceptive Russian girl, daughter of a poor peasant family, whom he was fortunately able to bring home with him. He is himself a sensitive and warm-hearted person, deeply moved by human suffering, yet aware of the reasons that have brought about some of the conditions in Russia which he most deplores. Because he understands both the good and the evil of what is happening under Soviet rule he could never be a Communist or even an uncritical observer of such aspects of Communist practice as repression of opposing opinion. But he also could not join the ranks of those in Western nations who, unconsciously or consciously copying the pattern of the very dogma they denounce, resort to blanket condemnation of all things that have occurred in the USSR since the Bolshevik Revolution. Robert Magidoff thus belongs to the small and most uncomfortable category of commentators who in a period of intense controversy, of judgments in terms of black and white, insist on the right to see more than one side of every question.

It is this very quality which makes his book important reading. He does not attempt to give a comprehensive study of the Soviet system. In fact, what he does here is to tell two stories at one and at the same time: the story of his love for Nila, which taken alone could have made a moving and beautiful tale worthy of the best tradition of Russian novelists; and the story of the aspects of life under the Soviets that made the deepest impression on him. This combination of the personal and impersonal may seem to some readers to give the book an inner unevenness; but it is compensated by the sense of immediacy and vividness which is seldom found in the books of most newspaper correspondents and political scientists. Magidoff paints many vignettes of the men and women he and his wife knew in Moscow, and of how these men and women felt about the Soviet system at various stages of its development. His chapter on what happens to women sent to labor camps is unforgettable. And so, in an entirely different vein, is his account of how candidates for diplomatic and military careers are put through the paces of learning the dicta of Emily Post, to make sure they will not grow up "uncultured."

Page after page of this highly readable book reflects the many sharp contradictions in Russian life that constantly baffle Western observers. And it is baffling for people who know little or nothing about Russia's past to find, side by side in the same country, utter ruthlessness and great compassion; drastic attempts at thought-control and wide distribution of books by foreign authors, including many American novelists; preparation to resist "capitalist" attack and an overwhelming desire for peace; fear and a sense of humor.

Magidoff's conclusions about rela-

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tions between the United States and the USSR deserve particular study at this crucial stage in the development of American foreign policy. "Because Russia is run by the Communist Party," he says, "no startling overnight changes in Russian policies may be expected, should Stalin die or withdraw from public life."

Later he offers these final words of advice:

> Soviet Communism has cast a gauntlet before the democratic nations of the world. We must accept the challenge. Russia has blamed every social evil on the democratic forms of government, and has offered Communism as a panacea. Something more must come from the United States than merely denunciation of such propaganda. . . . Where social evils fester, there Communism thrives. If we remove the conditions upon which it grows, we succeed in identifying the peaceable processes of democracy with progress. To expend our energies in attacking Communism without heeding the ugliness upon which it fattens is to snip at weeds while leaving the roots underground.

How to Have Run World War II

THE SECOND WORLD WAR, 1939-1945. By J. F. C. Fuller. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1949. 431 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by
HARRY C. BUTCHER, CAPT., U.S.N.R.
(INACTIVE)

MAJOR General J. F. C. Fuller, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., is a most provocative "Monday-morning quarterback."

I remember reading some of his columns in a London newspaper while I was with General Eisenhower in France. He frequently gave advice on how to run the war. I recall that while all available transport, including landing craft, was in use supplying gasoline and other materiel for the rapidly advancing armies, including Patton's, General Fuller naively advocated a quick end run by water to bypass Antwerp and to get behind the Germans in Holland or, perhaps, even farther north. Ideal, if one could do it, but I thought at the time how far removed from the reality of the situation was this armchair general sitting serenely in a comfortable chair in his club in London, master-minding the war to fill his column. He seemed to me like an ancient football coach who, in his declining years, wrote critiques of modern football—and replayed every big game with "ifs."

The General thought the Allies made a mistake in building so many heavy bombers for strategic bombing. Instead, we should have utilized more of our energy and resources in both Britain and America to build landing craft. True, General Eisenhower once said in North Africa that when he is buried he expects his casket to be shaped like an LCI. Yet it seemed necessary to have both landing craft and heavy bombers and, indeed, many other implements of war. The home fronts of both countries were using all of their productive capacity and energy to give us what we needed. We simply had to make the best of what we had and, after all, with what we got we won the war.

General Fuller makes the assertion that the first indiscriminate bombing of cities and, consequently, of civilians, was undertaken by the RAF in Germany on orders from Prime Minister Churchill. Fuller claims such bombings were senseless and that they provided a practically hopeless future for the Germans. The Germans never admitted their army was defeated in the first war and there was no fighting on German soil. Perhaps the good General has overlooked the stern purpose of the Allies, which was so thoroughly to beat the Germans in World War II that everyone in Germany would understand the awful meaning of the two great world wars which they started.

He assails the demand of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill for unconditional surrender. The author thought this demand so devoid of hope for the enemy that his will to resist was increased rather than decreased. The military had the same thought, but certainly this declaration was enthusiastically accepted at home by both the British and Americans.

General Fuller thinks General Eisenhower was politically stupid because he didn't take Berlin ahead of the Russians. He attributes this to Eisenhower's being essentially a soldier and not a politician, but he states that since wars are fought to attain political objectives the Western Allies should have been ordered to beat the Russians into Berlin for reasons of political prestige. In fact, he says the Germans would have been wise to have let the Western Allies rush into Germany. The German fighting forces themselves then should have tried desperately to hold the Russians out of Germany. Thus the Germans now would have been enjoying a more civilized occupation with the Russians kept out. The General writes that the Russians changed from military to political objectives by directing the Red Army's drive toward Vienna, the hub of Europe, with an eye toward expanding Russia or Russian-dominated territories. Events since the war indicate that the general's hindsight appears correct about the Russians' political objectives. But our reason for going to war was to protect the principle, as well as the practice, of freedom. This, as we understood our mission, was our political objective.

If the same war were to be fought over no doubt there would be many changes in strategy and tactics by many commanders, and General Fuller has pointed to some which might have been more effective. He is a most readable critic and his report has covered all of the major campaigns of World War II wherever fought. His ideas are provocative and controversial. In reading his book keep in mind Voltaire's undying words—"Read, not to believe, but to consider."

Captain Harry C. Butcher is the author of "My Three Years with Eisenhower."

Resistance Keyman

THE UNKNOWN WARRIORS. By Guillain de Benouville. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1949. 372 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THE author of this book is a staunch Catholic, a Royalist, and up to the middle 1930's was a member of the reactionary *Action Française*. Yet he became one of the key men of the Resistance. "The Resistance," he says with a measure of bitterness, "was the work, we are told, of those parties which before 1939 made up the French Left. . . . [It] was far more than the 'men of the Left,' who too often loved the Internationale more than they loved France; [and it] was far more than the 'men of the Right,' who in other days were too often deaf to the needs of social reform." Or, to quote from the introduction of Allen W. Dulles who, as the head of the Berne office of our OSS, from early in 1943 until the liberation of Paris worked closely with General de Benouville: "Love of country and the moral need to be free . . . are feelings so powerful that the most dissimilar men are moved by it."

One of the most interesting features

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in this rich book is the, so to speak, tacit account it renders of the inner transformation of its author in the course of his rise to leadership. The report of his early post-collapse experiences shows him fairly bristling with a delight in sparkling retorts and even a certain amount of *beau geste*. Liberation finds him as a hard-working organizer, an expert in logistics and the intricate technical problems of the FFI; his final meeting with De Gaulle is described with an economy of words which cannot but mirror, to the reader, the changes in the hero-narrator himself. His eyes, he admits, "grew misty." Yet the sobriety of his mind moved him to say: "Some say you do not like people. It would be sad indeed, if true."

While never swerving in his loyalty for De Gaulle, M. de Benouville was and still is critical of the French politicians in London. The foreign relations of the FFI constituted one of their thorniest problems; the general seems to have done more than probably any other man in coordinating the strategy and tactics of the Forces of the Interior to the Anglo-American war effort, and sometimes vice versa.

He has, in effect, written the first manual for large-scale guerrilla operations in enemy-occupied territory ruled by modern terror. But he has also written here about the great figures of the Resistance, about its fantastic inception, its hopes and despairs, about the hair-raising adventures average men and women got involved in, about some traitors, and many, all too many, of his martyred friends. "We must not fail them."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 296

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 296 will be found in the next issue.

RQZCZQQVSX PG IPGQZ DZQ

TGSZL VS PDZ IPGTYWDI GC

PDZ SZZBL QYPDZQ PDYS

DVBZ VP VS Y RJQIZ.—

IP EZQGTZ.

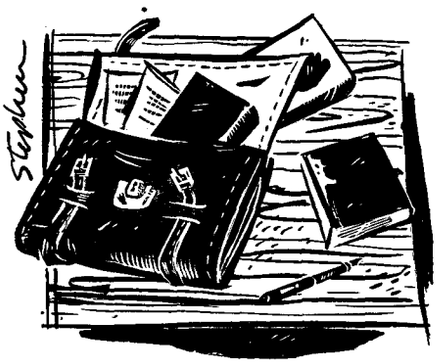
Answer to Literary Crypt No. 295

When there is an income-tax, the just man will pay more and the unjust less on the same amount of income. —PLATO.

Sermons for UNESCO

LEARNING AND WORLD PEACE. Edited by Lyman Bryson, Louis Finkelstein, and R. M. MacIver. New York: Harper & Bro. 1948. 694 pp. $6.50.

Reviewed by ASHER BRYNES



THIS is the eighth in the series of symposia issued annually by The Conference on Science, Philosophy, and Religion in their Relation to the Democratic Way of Life, Incorporated. Unlike some of the previous volumes, however, "Learning and World Peace" has been edited in an effort to make a book of it, rather than a collection of transcripts. Each of the papers—there are forty-nine in the text and ten more distributed in three appendices—is now set up as a chapter by itself. Footnotes and comments are printed together at the bottom of the page to which they refer, where the reader can get at them with a minimum of trouble.

Most of the essays concern the willingness of scholars and scientists in all fields to do something for the maintenance of peace, and the probability that—granted a more perfect organization of UNESCO—they will be able to contribute significantly, as the saying goes, toward that end. In the leading paper, "Scholarship and the Relief of International Tensions," Professor Herman Finer suggests a typical program: maximum aid from richer to poorer nations on political terms; maximum number of international trade arrangements on economic terms; maximization of cultural displays and exchanges; maximization of the number of personal and professional exchanges to the extent of hundreds of thousands per year; encouragement of "The Voice of Each Nation" to speak out over the radio to all other nations and the presentation of millions of radio sets to the poorer countries; "if necessary drag, yes, even drag, all international conditions before the UN for debate"; let the most powerful nations build up their defensive and offensive forces—for we know, historically, that tensions could only be relieved in the area of a single government by shock treatment, that is to say, force; finally, there are some values (the democratic system) we must be "insane" about, whatever the consequences, whatever the tension.

The mixture is rather confusing. How, to ask the least of the questions that spring to one's mind, can the first two propositions in the list above be maximized simultaneously? Confusing, also, is the pervasive emphasis on psychology and psychiatry throughout the book. In the days of H. L. Mencken it used to be the fashion to say that stupidity was at the root of all evil. Now it is the mode to explain wickedness by lunacy. Not only was Hitler mad, for instance, but also the German people as a whole, for he infected them; and at the moment the problem is how to deal with the Russian people, who are similarly infected by Stalin.

This is certainly no cheerful news, considering the results of psychiatric treatment in actual lunatic asylums. Some of the participants are aware of the seriousness of the situation, particularly in the incidental comments, which are pithier and in the plain sense of the word more serious than the formal disquisitions.

> The problem [comments Stewart G. Cole] is to mature the emotional aspect of personality of man so that his behavior is dependable and stable, even amid the shockingly unstable conditions of the present world. Among other things, do we not need a symbolism of universal human values to which loyalties can be tied and which, in turn, can judge our functional loyalties, and thus make them the ally of thought and action in the pursuit of one world?

To this James Marshall of UNESCO informally replied:

> It seems to me that the answer to the question is to be found in the UNESCO Constitution. . . . Certainly there is a fine ideology in the preamble to the UNESCO Constitution. There is a social symbolism in the fact that nations have expressed themselves as believing that the maintenance of peace requires attention to things of the mind and spirit as well as to political and economic arrangements.

That exchange of views is a fair summary of the hundreds of pages of proceedings. If you can see religion in the UNESCO Constitution this collection of papers does add up to something like a volume of sermons in its favor.

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Belles-Lettres. *The work of two Continental writers whose careers reached their climax soon after the close of World War I, Franz Kafka and Marcel Proust, is fascinating literary scholars even more today than during their lifetimes. In the past two years alone, the Bohemian Kafka, one of the spiritual fathers of existentialism, has been the subject of important book-length studies by Max Brod, Herbert Tauber, Paul Goodman, and Charles Neider. This week we review the latest addition to the Kafka shelf, the second volume of Brod's edition of his diaries. Proust, who detailed the decadence of the French society he knew intimately in the fifteen volumes of his "Remembrance of Things Past," is the subject of two other new books: Mina Curtiss's translation of some of his letters, previously unavailable in England, and the "maxims" Justin O'Brien has culled from his writing, especially his* magnum opus.

Joy for the Proustian

LETTERS OF MARCEL PROUST. Translated and edited, with notes, by Mina Curtiss. New York: Random House. 1949. 462 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by MORRIS BISHOP

EVERY Proustian, except the fanatic, will want this collection of the master's letters. Perhaps even the fanatic; for though his gorge rises at the thought of reading Proust in English, and though he possesses the twenty-one volumes from which this selection is drawn, he will find here three hitherto unpublished letters and some restored passages.

For the average Proustian, the mild to ardent Proustian, the book will be very satisfactory. The translation is sensitive to the originals and to the genius of English prose. From the mass of published and available unpublished letters Mrs. Curtiss has chosen well, "primarily," she says, "to provide readers of 'Remembrance of Things Past' with clues to the development of the personality and the creative process out of which the novel grew." She has supplied connecting links of text and elucidating passages, so that the book may be read without reference to a biography. She has appended thirty-five pages of notes, adequate but not overwhelming. All her editorial work is exact and well informed. One may wish only that she had filled in more of the truncated names of the printed texts. There are too many A——'s and B——'s, too many such remarks as: "Was it Madame X—— or Madame W—— whom Y—— asked what she thought. . . ." The original editors erased the names to avoid giving offense; but after all, time has passed, and the touchy aristocrats are beyond taking offense now. Many names could now be supplied, with much easing of the reader's distress, and without too great trouble to the editor. For instance, the fantastic S——, the bashful buffalo, of pages 185-189 is surely the Duc de la Trémoille.

Professor Harry Levin, of Harvard, provides an introduction, provocative, even provoking. (Is it necessary to interpret Proust's suffocations as personal appeals for help? May we not leave asthma as asthma, without insisting on psychical allergies?)

Thus the book will bring joy to the Proustian. One wonders what it will mean to the non-Proustian, the mysterious general reader who apparently reads everything and forgets everything he has read before. One who does not bear in his mind the magic of "Remembrance of Things Past" will probably wonder, through half the book, what all the fuss is about. The young letter writer will seem bizarre and bewildering, with his feminine effusiveness, his fin-de-siècle esthetic-ism, his finicking concern with people and events of whom the general reader knows nothing. Let the general reader persist; he will see this limp young dandy develop into one of literature's heroes and martyrs. He will share in the great work, in the long agony of composition, in the desperate search for time lost. He will read many passages full of insight and understanding, worthy of incorporation in the "Remembrance of Things Past." And if he does not know, or if he has forgotten, that masterpiece, he may be sent to its pages, for there he will find everything that is in the letters, in the final form that Proust chose for his communication to the general reader.

"The reader will see this limp young dandy [Marcel Proust] develop into one of literature's heroes and martyrs."

Morris Bishop, professor of romance languages at Cornell, is author of "The Life of Genius" and other books.

* * *

THE MAXIMS OF MARCEL PROUST. Edited, with a translation, by Justin O'Brien. New York: Columbia University Press. 1948. 255 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

ONCE upon a time, the now neglected Autocrat of the Breakfast Table declared: "People who make puns are like wanton boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks. They amuse themselves and other children, but their little trick may upset a freight train of conversation for the sake of a battered witticism."

This remark rose to the surface of my memory as I picked up Mr. O'Brien's attractive small book and looked at its title, for it occurred to me that maxims may prove almost as dangerous in novels as puns prove, according to Mr. Holmes, in conversation. The novelist who would write maxims must take care that they do not bring the train of his fiction, momentarily, to a sudden halt; or, to change the figure, he must be careful that they do not stand out from the body of his prose like gold threads from a cotton garment. Maxims are best seen in isolation. They are made to be studied and handled individually, for the sake of their glittering half-truths. Indeed, the professional makers of maxims place their wares, item by item, before us with something of the mock-modest flourish that we see in a jeweler's hand when he sets single gem after single gem on its velvet cushion. Maxims in novels go in danger of a double fate: on the one hand they are likely to make themselves too conspicuous, while on the other they are likely to be swallowed up and made invisible by the

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main stream of the narrative. So they would seem to be something in which novelists might well deal sparingly.

Yet Mr. O'Brien has gone far towards justifying his title by fishing in Proust's wide waters and returning with a haul of pithy, epigrammatic, sententious statements, which he has given us in both French and English, and which show their author to have been more of a *moraliste*, or *pensée* writer, in the great line of La Rochefoucauld, than most readers of his long novel would have suspected. In making this collection of maxims the editor has, to be sure, sometimes used "a scalpel to disengage them from their context," since some of them "came parenthetically in the middle of a long sentence or, on the other hand, were themselves broken by an illustrative remark." In other cases his selected passages are hardly pithy enough to fit into his scheme. One example of this kind, among many, is selection 176, in which Proust requires four rather complicated sentences and more than 160 words to make a point regarding our view of past ages.

But there are plenty of pithy sayings which express Proust's always interesting and sometimes genuinely original ideas on Man, Society, Love, Art, and Time and Memory. Here are a few average specimens: "In society as in political life the victims are unfortunately so cowardly that no one can long hold a grudge against their undoers." "Words do not change their meaning so drastically over a period of centuries as do names in our minds in the space of a few years." "Happiness is salutary for the body, but it is sorrow that develops the intellect."

This is an ideal bedside book for readers who do not fear the agrypnotic effects of intellectual stimulation. Among other pleasures it affords one a chance to study the art and difficulties of translation, and the degrees of Mr. O'Brien's success; to say—with all the confident superiority of one who has not had to do the job oneself—this is flawless, but here a nuance has been lost, and there an edge has been blunted. It is an amusing, instructive game, from which Mr. O'Brien emerges, on the whole, with much credit.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. P. 2. S. 3. H.C. 4. M. 5. G.K. 6. S. 7. M. 8. A.E. 9. B. 10. A.J. 11. E.E. 12. T.A. 13. H. 14. E.M. 15. A. 16. T.S. 17. T. 18. F. 19. C.S. 20. W.S. 21. A. 22. D. 23. O. 24. A.P. 25. Z. 26. A.E. 27. W.W. 28. C. 29. W. 30. D.H. 31. P. 32. F. 33. W. 34. H.L. 35. A.A. 36. C. 37. V. 38. S.J. 39. B. 40. Q. 41. W. 42. M. 43. H. 44. E.D.E.N. 45. G.B. 46. H.M. 47. R. 48. S.S. 49. H.G. 50. E.B. 51. P.G.

Dragnet on "Humphrey Clinker"

TOBIAS SMOLLETT: DOCTOR OF MEN AND MANNERS. By Lewis Mansfield Knapp. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1949. 362 pp. $5.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

MR. KNAPP'S biography of Smollett raises important questions about the relation of scholarship to the general reader. For one can have only respect for Mr. Knapp's encyclopedic erudition. No smallest item but has been caught in his dragnet. Every page bristles with names, dates, titles, and references to specific events. He has found out that "it is reasonable to believe that he was instructed in Greek by Mr. Alexander Dunlop." "Because no official record of Smollett's marriage has ever been found either in Jamaica or in England," Mr. Knapp systematically lists the conjectures of biographers and weighs their probability. Two satires, "Advice" and "Reproof," neither of which, says Mr. Knapp, has any "outstanding literary merit," lead him into five pages of ingenious scholarship identifying characters whose names are revealed in the consonants and hidden in the vowels. Smollett wrote the libretto of an opera about Alcestis, and Mr. Knapp obligingly tells the story of Admetus's wife, informs us that there were operas on this theme by Gluck in 1769 and by Gresnick in 1768, and adds that "Smollett might have received some inspiration from Buchanan's Latin version of Euripides's 'Alcestis,' because George Buchanan's works were read in Smollett's Dumbarton Grammar School, and, doubtless too, at Glasgow University."

I repeat that one can only respect this enormous patience, this tireless industry which, year in and year out for almost a quarter of a century, has built so massive a work. Indeed, it is gratifying to read in the preface that the satisfactions Mr. Knapp has received have outweighed "the vexations and drudgery." But, as the reader has anticipated, the question is: what becomes of Smollett? Does he appear, solid and three-dimensional, amid this crowd of characters, most of them forgotten, amid this swarming mass of factual evidence? Who, aside from the specialist, is going to read this book?

Mr. Knapp is aware of the personality of Smollett. He has been tremendously drawn to him. Every now and again something peeps through

Tobias Smollett—"He is easily hurt, and is very ready to take prejudices."

the erudition to show that there is a love of letters buried amid this mass of fact. Of Smollett's work for the *Critical Review* Mr. Knapp says splendidly: "Through its pages vibrate Smollett's indelicacy, pugnacity, pride, satire, irony, and invective." He quotes from a letter by Smollett in 1759: "If I go on writing as I have proceeded for some years, my hand will be paralytic, and my brain dried to a snuff," and for a moment we divine what sort of man, what sort of life we are dealing with. Of the "History of England," in 2,600 quarto pages, composed in fourteen months, Mr. Knapp's observation is just: "a feat rarely equaled in the history of writing." Twice he cites a passage from William Hunter, with this key sentence about Smollett: "He is easily hurt, and is very ready to take prejudices." In short, Mr. Knapp might, if he would, give us a living portrait, a vivid life. The material, the feeling, the insight are there. But Mr. Knapp is the victim of scholarly training, and his book is like an enormous chessboard on which he moves wooden pieces according to the rules.

The difficulty with scholarship is the assumption that any piece of research is as valuable as any other piece. Thus, former biographers said that Smollett sailed on a ship called the *Cumberland*; later ones say he served on the *Chichester*; Mr. Knapp patiently digs out the fact that there were two ships called the *Cumberland*, so that "the tradition . . . cannot be wholly discredited . . . until the records . . . are examined." This is valuable, but it is the very ecstasy of

(*Continued to page* 37)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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BENNETT CERF JOHN T. WINTERICH
MARY GOULD DAVIS IRVING KOLODIN
JAMES THRALL SOBY

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Sermon for Brotherhood Week

A WORLD that is beholding the spectacle of the trial of Cardinal Mindszenty in Hungary need not be told that tolerance and brotherhood and the absence of racial prejudice—all those ideals for which the National Conference of Christians and Jews is just now exerting concentrated effort—are still little more than mere words. Everywhere men and women render lip service to the principle of good will, and everywhere they see it breached. And today tolerance and understanding are no longer matters of individual personal relations, or even of principle or policy, but the very basis on which rests the last hope of humanity to survive. Far wider issues are involved than questions of racial exclusion from hotels or clubs, important as these may be, or than quotas in schools or colleges. Far wider issues are involved even than segregation in cities, discrimination in business. What is involved is prejudice against whole nations—prejudice which can set the world aflame. Unless bias can be set aside sufficiently to permit of dispassionate consideration of events, society is doomed. Blind prejudice will get the world nowhere, nor will denunciation and wrath, no matter how noble the indignation in which they may have their source. What the times demand is judgment and knowledge, perspective and patience—that measure of education which the psychologists are so constantly referring to as the mature mind.

In a loosely constructed world there was room perhaps for the half-baked mind, or if not room, for ignorance has never been other than a danger, at least the possibility of its existence without working calamity on a large scale. When nations were simply a congeries of peoples, each able to operate within its own boundaries without the actions of one necessarily having immediate effect upon the well-being of all, conflicting ideologies and racial ambitions and national idiosyncrasies could be more or less self-contained. No matter what the turbulence or confusion they might cause within their own domains, it still remained possible for the world at large to continue on its own routine.

But it is not so today—the smallest decision made in any capital of the earth ripples out to lave the farthest reaches of the globe. Everywhere men are affected by events and policies in the shaping of which they have no direct part but whose consequences they cannot escape and whose course they must either mold to their own ends or else be by them submerged. In the intricate web of what is international affairs few men are versed. So complicated has become the nexus of universal relations that the specialist alone is competent to thread his way through the maze, and constantly he himself, and with him the world that perforce takes its clue from him, goes astray in the labyrinth of tangled problems and cross-problems. Knowledge of every sort has become so stupendous in extent that no rational human being can expect even of his leaders that they tread with certainty in it. Much less can he ask of the millions untutored in public affairs that they have the information or the skill which will chart the dangerous waters of international politics and diplomacy.

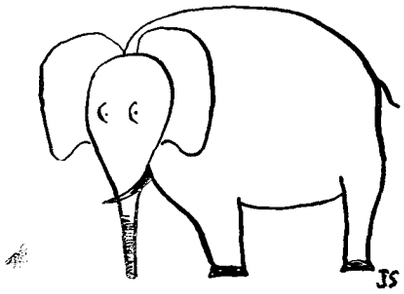
BUT if that is so, how ever are nations that are democracies steered by the few but in the last analysis run by the many, to maintain their own against totalitarian states that are the creatures of autarchy and so proceed regardless of the will of the people? How, since they cannot hope to plot their course except in reliance on the knowledge of others, are the democratic peoples to register their decisions with wisdom? Only by cultivating that maturity of outlook which can address itself with understanding to the generalizations of others, that maturity of understanding for which the psychologists are clamoring and which it is the opportunity of educators and writers and preachers to advance. For the adult mind is a mind which, even if it lacks broad knowledge of facts, can look at facts with discrimination, which has learned to divest itself of the prejudices which clog understanding, which has cast off the fears that come from inexperience of the past, the vestigial fears which have persisted from the insecurities and inadequacies of youth and immaturity. The mature mind seeks to interpret the motives and reactions of others in the light of what it knows of itself. It does not jump at conclusions; it is painstaking and patient; it strives to discuss all aspects of a subject before arriving at any decisions. It distrusts appearances and looks for the causes that underlie and condition them. It is, in short, the reasoning mind.

It is only by development of maturity of mind, and by the application of the mature mind to matters of individual concern that men succeed in life. It will be only by the extension of maturity of mind to public affairs that the world will save itself from the forces of disruption. Nations are but aggregations of individuals and the more individuals come to know of themselves, the more they are able to apply their knowledge of themselves to their interpretation of others, the more will they be fitted to cope with the peoples and problems of nations.

"Knowledge of human nature," said Henry Adams, "is the beginning and end of political education." It is the beginning of wisdom.

—A. L.

Atomic Age Fables



I. The Fortunate Elephant

A fly said to an elephant:
"You are fortunate."

The elephant answered:
"How is that?"

And the fly replied:
"If I were as large as you are, think what a strong conscience a man would need to kill me."

—J. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

He Hasn't Abandoned Sex

SIR: Three people have sent me Edmund Fuller's recent article "Books, Beds and Bromides" [*SRL* Jan. 8]. As regards his reference to myself, permit me please to make a few comments. Why does Mr. Fuller presume to say that I "have abandoned sex for travelogues on a larger scale," as he puts it? Or that "a man cannot get himself privately published any more"?

Neither is true. Besides, those of my books which caused a scandal were *not* privately published. They were published by the Obelisk Press, Paris, and republished in several editions, both in English and in French, by Les Editions du Chêne, also (in French only) by Gallinard and by Denoël.

Perhaps Mr. Fuller would be interested to know that since my return to America I have been at work, off and on, on the sequel to "Tropic of Capricorn" ("The Rosy Crucifixion"), which is hardly a "travelogue." The first volume of this work, which when completed will run to about 2,500 or 3,000 pages, will probably be published in Paris this year, first in English, then in French.

After that perhaps a little "restraint" will be in order.

HENRY MILLER.

Big Sur, Calif.

"Year of the Miracle"

SIR: If Mr. Harrison Smith, who wrote the editorial "Year of the Miracle" [*SRL* Jan. 22], will do a little delving into the lives of the writers who shudder not at "small," but "big" business, he will find that the horror of the writers comes from experience—and experience as underdogs. An underdog is a guy who sees a "tycoon" from a worm's-eye view. When a guy has experience in going in to interview, or to work for, some of the great stuffed shirts of business, there is always a reaction, as in a number of novels about radio, publishers, advertising, and so on. Mr. Smith would take them "firmly by the hand," but most of these guys have twisted under the feet of their betters, and it would take hand-cuffs to take 'em again on a tour.

Failure, Mr. Smith, is bitter experience—and novels are not written by successful businessmen—or, to be sure, they'd remain in business, not turn to writing.

Asking writers to like "big" business is like asking privates to like "high brass." In neither case can the trick be done.

JOHN WELSTACH.

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

SIR: As a postscript to "Year of the Miracle," I wonder how many American authors have any widespread acquaintance among businessmen? There's all the difference in the world between Tom Girdler, for example, and Commander MacDonald of the Zenith Radio Co., or between banker Winthrop Aldrich and banker-hater Cyrus Eaton, or between the C. & O.'s R. R. Young and the Railroad Association's Mr. Faricy. You can't jam John L. Lewis and Walter Reuther into the same "labor leader" mold—and businessmen are just as variable as laborites. This is a fact of human nature, and novelists are supposed to be experts in human nature. My kick against many U.S. novelists is not that they have left-wing ideology, but that they have ceased to use their eyes and ears.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Not only is "Year of the Miracle" a magnificent piece of writing, but its viewpoint is one which has needed expression for a long time. I hope you'll forgive me if I take it as a basis, with direct quotations, for an editorial in *The Inquirer*. I'm anxious that some of our readers who may not see *The Saturday Review* regularly should not miss it.

RUTH NASH CHALMERS.

Scarsdale, N. Y.

SIR: Mr. Cousins, I think, is almost too polite concerning "The Return of the Eagle" in the "Year of the Miracle." Somehow, I just knew Harrison Smith had read that "Businessman" article in *Fortune*, even before I finished the first column. Don't you think it would be good fun if Philip Wylie, for instance, would "comment" on the "Year of the Miracle"? Or how about Hayakawa, or Wendell Johnson?

EDITH BAKER.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: I disagree with both Mr. Cousins and Mr. Smith. I hold a brief for neurotica, for the shadowed life of the mind. But I would see the shadows alongside the light. Personal experience confirms to me that neurosis is an excellent route toward religious perfection, as William James wrote about the time I was born.

More than this, queer people are apt to be clever people, even before the queer emerges into the clear. I prognosticate a grand revival of the Thersites motif, as well as numerous novels and narrative poems detailing the rise of protagonists from near-insanity to enlightened sanctification.

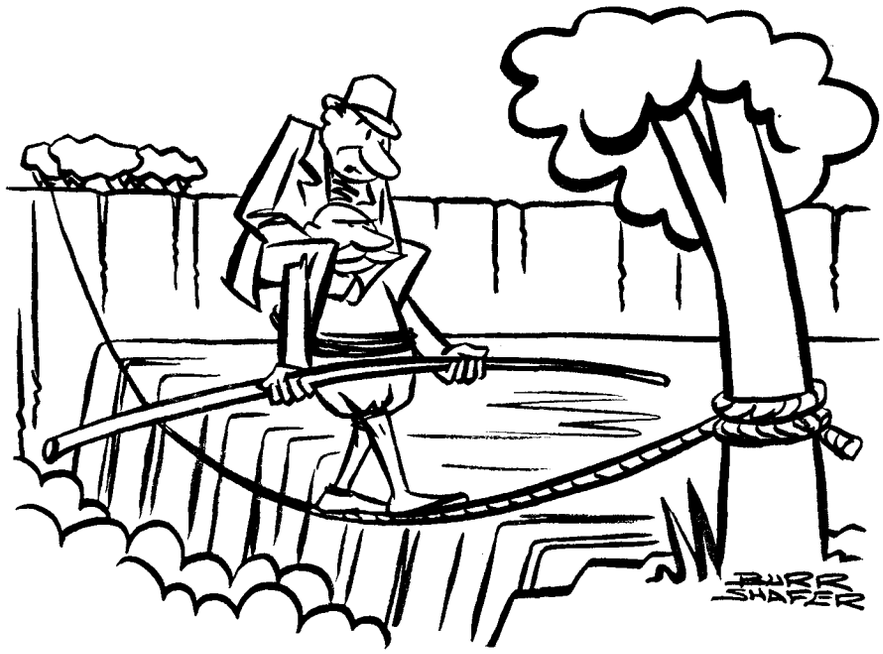
Pardon my haste in departure: I just gotta write one of those last-mentioned above, and now.

KELLY JANES.

Monterey, Mass.

SIR: In his editorial Mr. Smith speaks despondently of our younger writers: "You might think that they were so blinded by misanthropy, their own private woes, or the miseries they have invented for others, that they cannot see the country in which they live or what their fellow citizens are making of it." He deplores the fact that so many young writers find that "the most contemptible and disgusting figure in our country is the capitalist, the businessman who has succeeded, and the man who has managed to hang on to some part of his wealth."

Mr. Smith's arguments, and even his despondency, are valid. One has only to read the recent output of the younger writers to concede that. However, in his despair Mr. Smith becomes as despairing as the most disconsolate of the young writers he reproaches. He has forgotten that young men are notorious for their pessimism, and that somberness, far from being the mark of the elderly, is the stigmata of youth. The older man may be a gentle or ungentle cynic, but he is not convinced even of his own cynicism. Only the very young man is completely desperate, and persuaded that nothing is good under the sun, and is



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"We'll have to go back, M. Blondin—I forgot my passport."

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intemperate in his reactions towards his fellowman and all worldly institutions. Few mature men lead causes disastrous or noble.

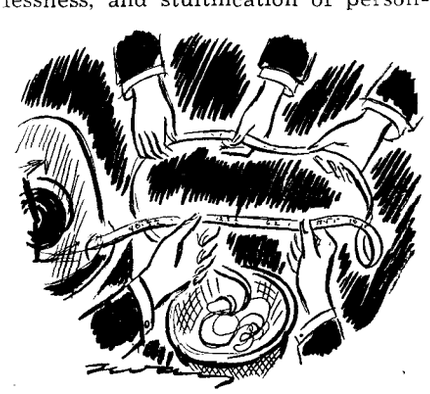
The very young writer is not interested in normal things or in normal people. Such are "stodgy," or "dull," or "reactionary." He sees oppression everywhere, cruelty lurking around every corner, death and dismay in every shadow. He sees no dignified Negro professional man working hopefully and steadily for his people. He sees no eminent Jew, honored by his neighbors of other faiths. He sees no sturdy and contented workingman, proud of his job, proud of his pleasant home, proud of his car and savings. If he sees them, he scorns them, or calls them exceptional. The truth is that they lack "color" for him, and lend themselves to no "cause" in which the young writer is at the moment passionately engaged. He must "rescue" something, and if no group is immediately in need of rescue, he invents such a group, invents its wrongs, and demands justice. This urge of youth is both touching and pathetic, even though it can become dangerous, as witness the support of youth for Fascism or Communism. He refuses to recognize the existence of the great and healthy middle-class in America, concerned with building up a business, with the bringing up of a strong and sane family, and with the happiness which comes from accomplishment and contentment.

But "the world does move," as Galileo once said. More and more people are sanely and soberly concerned with the welfare of their fellowmen, and these people are not very young people. They do not engage in the madnesses of Communism and Fascism and Socialism, chest-thumpings or lamentations. But, quietly, they do work in an orderly fashion for peace, and they do build hospitals and orphan asylums and they do attempt to constrain theoristic government, and they do believe in liberty and the dignity of man. They don't shout, these people, but they are potent and upon them all our hope for the future must rest.

Mr. Smith speaks of John Chamberlain's article in the November issue of *Fortune*. In that article Mr. Chamberlain rebukes many writers of today for their attacks upon the American businessman, the "tycoon." Among such writers, Mr. Chamberlain condemns me. I might say that Mr. Chamberlain has quite misunderstood me, as I wrote him recently. I have tried to show in my novels what happens to a man whose sole aim is money, and the power which money brings. Materialism, godlessness, faithlessness, and stultification of personality follow the absolute pursuit of money as a thing in itself. At the risk of being tiresome—and most everyone thinks it tiresome, these days—I will remind Mr. Chamberlain that Christ Himself said it was not possible to have two Masters—"God and Mammon." My novels were not attacks upon "business" or "businessmen." They were attacks upon men who are without faith, who hate their fellowmen, and whose religion is materialism. Such men are as adolescent as are many of our very young writers of today, for they, too, have a distorted vision of life.

TAYLOR CALDWELL.

Eggertsville, N. Y.



SIR: I am so enchanted by N.C.'s gentle decapitation of Harrison Smith —with soft snappings of his ". . . Eagle" beak as it were—that I have harshly drawn and quartered my budget to enclose six dollars for my subscription.

Long life to the Eagle.

JOHN SLATTERY.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Truth Before Patriotism

SIR: Drop that pen! "We, the peoples . . ." signed a Charter to bring about the Brotherhood of Man, and now this North Atlantic pact is proposed.

Article 51 states very clearly, ". . . *until* the Security Council has taken the measures necessary to maintain international peace." The pact is to run *from sixteen to twenty years*—rather pessimistic outlook for the United Nations! The word "until" in the Charter can be changed by "We, the peoples . . ." to *today*, if "we" so desire.

The trend of intelligent world thinking, accelerated greatly since the atomic bombs were detonated, is to international law, and eventually to a federal world government.

Let "us" "take the measures necessary to maintain international peace" by calling for volunteers to form an international police force. The oath of office taken by the 4,000 employees of the United Nations: "I take orders from no government. . . . I will regulate my conduct with the interest of the United Nations only in view . . ." will rally loyalists to maintain world order who put truth before patriotism.

WILLIAM MITCHELL.

Vancouver, B. C.

Ceremony of Innocence

SIR: Your reviewer John Woodburn through his "delicious, audacious" modernistic pseudo-literate language reveals himself in his review of "Ceremony of Innocence" [*SRL* Feb. 12]. He reveals the modern man who enjoys destruction more than construction, who likes to make snide remarks about things he cannot comprehend.

For one failure in the monastic life, there are thousands of glorious successes. One of the most compassionate women I know is the Superior of a home for unmarried mothers. Would Mr. Woodburn like to meet her and learn something about those who have taken the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience and who are laying down their lives for others?

The thing in "Ceremony of Innocence" (and how does the word "innocence" find itself in such a place?) that offends those who hold the entirety of Christian belief, is the caricature of the Virgin Birth. And here the fools have rushed in where angels fear to tread.

CAROLINE J. PUTNAM.

Springfield, Mass.

Critics' Circle

SIR: I hope you'll be able to persuade Mr. Michener [*SRL* Feb. 12] to do the review of Mr. Burns's second novel when it appears in March. That should round the circle out nicely —and make for a pair of most interesting articles.

PAUL MURRAY.

New York, N. Y.

Despair

SIR: The letter of Lambert Fairchild in *SRL* Jan. 22 mentions that plowshares and swords are first referred to in Joel. He is wrong. They are first mentioned in Isaiah 2: 4: "And they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation: neither shall they learn war any more."

I imagine, though, that a warless world will arrive only when peoples decide not to lift up swords against peoples. I despair of the Captains and the Kings, the statesmen and the politicians.

When wilt thou save the People,
O, God of mercy, when?

HARRY TAYLOR.

Jennings Lodge, Ore.

Clear Light of Wisdom

SIR: A spare minute just now gave me time to read the article "Are Families Passé?" [*SRL* Dec. 25, 1948]. It is a treat to read another excellent prescription of good sense by the late Ruth Benedict. There is so much vapid generalization about the family and other social *causes célèbres* by people who have gained the public ear without anything significant to say into it, that it is a welcome contrast to come across the words of an intelligent person who not only is made uniquely competent by a lifetime of study and research, but who throws the clear light of cool scientific wisdom across a well-worried problem in a beam of prose that is lucid, spacious, and precise—warm with the love of humanity in all its patterns, and bright with the perspective of great knowledge.

DEAN M. KELLEY.

Denver, Colo.

Inspiration

SIR: A year has passed since your article "The Comics . . . Very Funny!" was published [*SRL* May 28]. Inspired by the piece by Dr. Wertham I made an effort to bring a new ten-cent book into the market. While I have not succeeded I still owe you a note of thanks. Had it not been for your article, we might not have tried.

H. H. STANSBURY.

Mamaroneck, N. Y.

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SENSITIVITY AS CENSOR

(*Continued from page 10*)

body. And, in the natural course of events, this impact of interpretation and criticism will fall now and then upon more or less helpless minority groups, who, goaded to desperation, will feverishly demand protection. If granted out of respect or pity, and some form of official or unofficial censorship established, then the flood of tyranny is loose. Suppression never intended or imagined in the beginning becomes in the end inevitable. An endless chain of dictatorship is suddenly unwound, and entwines in its fetters all the operations of the human mind. Thus, if we ban from this country the "Oliver Twist" film, out of deference to Jews who don't like Fagin, then we lay the foundation for banning from the public schools *The Nation* magazine out of deference to Catholics who don't like certain articles by Paul Blanshard. If we shut a lecturer off the air because he is an atheist and thus distasteful to Christians, then we prepare the way for silencing Unitarians because they are distasteful to Fundamentalists. A law enacted some years ago in New Jersey against the Nazi Bundists of that time caught for its first victims the innocent Jehovah's Witnesses.

THUS does suppression spread, like a disease. Smaller and smaller becomes the area in which the mind can operate. Man's noblest gift, the creative imagination, finds itself confined at last as in a prison cell, for there is now nothing for the novelist and dramatist to write about but robots, or such fantastic specimens of life as Gulliver encountered in his travels. "The proper study of mankind is man," wrote Alexander Pope, and succeeding generations of students and writers have said Amen. But this study cannot be carried on with any success, or indeed at all, if branch after branch of the human family is to be lopped off from consideration. And never, under any circumstances, if it is agreed that no weak or wicked character is ever to be identifiable as belonging to any particular class or clan of humans! Right at that point would freedom end, and man's higher life be left to atrophy and decay.

For all this, in the last analysis, is only the old familiar question of liberty. Shall a man be free to speak and publish his ideas, however disagreeable or even dangerous they may appear to be? Shall other men be free to hear these ideas, in their own inquiry after truth, or perhaps in curious interest in the fallacies and fantasies of the human mind? Or shall we turn to the iron hand of censorship, and dictate what men shall or shall not think and speak? To the true libertarian, who trusts in the essential integrity of human nature and the well-tried processes of democracy, the challenge is easy. He will not resort to censorship under any circumstances. He knows too well that censorship means:

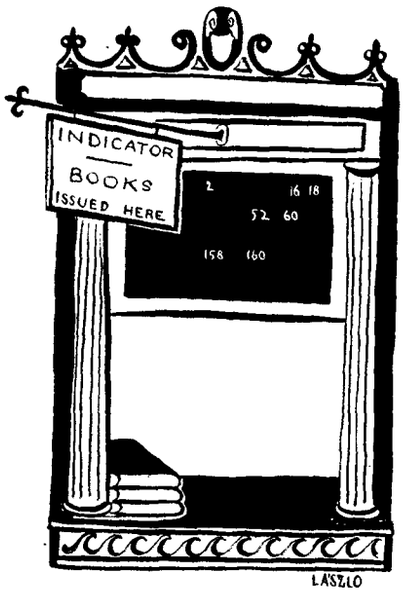
First, the assumption of infallible personal judgment—the amazing ability to know what is false for oneself is false for everybody. Where such ability comes from, and how it is guaranteed—this is never told.

Second, the imposition of this personal judgment upon the entire community by group pressure, by duly enacted law, or, in the last analysis, by force and violence. By what right such suppression is exercised, is not stated.

Third, the arrogance of a minority in using its power to control and even persecute the majority. It is apparently not remembered that the majority, exactly like a minority, has rights which are entitled to recognition and respect.

Such is the character of censorship, which makes its use indefensible under any conditions, by reason of any provocation, in a free society.

But does this mean that men are to do nothing when they are viciously misrepresented or cruelly attacked? Are they to stand helpless against slander, false witness, and all untruth? The Jews, for example—are they to endure, as they endured the fires of the Inquisition, the danger and damage of a Shylock on the stage, and a Fagin on the printed page? Is



a wicked picture, like "The Birth of a Nation," to be left to run its course, and the Negroes of the country seek no defense or redress? And are Catholics, because they are so accustomed to abuse, to enjoy no protection from what they regard as wanton attack upon the sanctities of their faith and works in the New York *Nation*? Does freedom, in other words, mean the exposure of the weak to the strong, and the license of error to wreak its utmost havoc without interference?

Such assertion, or suggestion, is natural, but quite absurd. Not in a free society are any to be left defenseless against enemies or traducers. Instead of outlawing serious literary and dramatic works in which offensive or careless material appears, let the sensitively maimed rise up and protest. In a country such as ours, the very atmosphere is hospitable to truth. Platform, pulpit, and printing press are everywhere available to reach and educate the public mind. Picket lines may be formed, and public meetings held, to challenge and correct error. Nothing is more unfair than to assume that all the varied instrumentalities of freedom in a democracy are at the disposal only of the misguided and misinformed, even the wicked. As a matter of fact, every means for the expression of free opinion is as available for good as for evil uses. It is only when such means are fanatically denied us, that we need be afraid. Truth, and the liberty to speak it, is our whole case. And how events, when trusted, prove it! Thus, "The Birth of a Nation" may not inaccurately be described as a turning point in the history of the Negro in America, for with this picture and the reaction against it began the sudden emergence of Negro artistry in music, literature, and the drama. Shylock has helped more Jews than he ever hurt, since Shakespeare, with his inimitable genius of humanity, presented in this character not only the avaricious money-lender, but a psychological and spiritual martyr who bore on his person all the scars inflicted upon his suffering tribe. It is all a matter of confronting error with truth. So long as men are free thus to bear witness against defamation, they need not be afraid. John Milton said it all:

> Truth is strong next to the Almighty. . . . She needs no policies, no stratagems to make her victorious. These are the shifts and the defenses that error uses against her power. . . .
>
> So Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by suppressing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let Truth and Falsehood grapple. Whoever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter!

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U. S. A. *Students of American society are agreed that during and since World War II the position of our minorities—particularly of our Negroes—has improved more than during any preceding decade. These gains have been reflected in the remarkably large number of books dealing with minority problems published during the same years, and particularly during the present season. Such notable recent volumes as Robert C. Weaver's "Negro Ghetto," Walter White's "A Man Called White," Pearl Buck's "American Argument," Louis C. Kesselman's 'Social Politics of the FEPC," and Beatrice Griffith's "American Me" have just been joined by three important books reviewed below: Edwin R. Embree's and Julia Waxman's "Investment in People," Arnold and Caroline Ross's "America Divided," and Cary McWilliams's "North from Mexico." . . . Julius Isaacs's "Oath of Devotion" deals with a tribunal much too well-known to members of minorities: the Magistrates' Court.*

Rosenwald Adventure in Philanthropy

INVESTMENT IN PEOPLE: The Story of the Julius Rosenwald Fund. By Edwin R. Embree and Julia Waxman. New York: Harper & Bros. 1949. 291 pp. $3.

Reviewed by EDUARD C. LINDEMAN

SHORTLY after the 1928 Presidential election I visited Al Smith in his new business office. He and Calvin Coolidge and Julius Rosenwald had been selected as a committee to dispose of a rather large sum of money. The donor had stipulated that the entire fortune should be given away within a year after his will had been probated. When Al Smith considered his responsibility he did not, as was his usual custom, consult specialists. He went to the committee's first meeting filled with confidence that Julius Rosenwald was as good an expert as could be found for such a task, but to his great dismay when the session opened Mr. Rosenwald announced: "Now, gentlemen, don't rely upon me for advice. I've been giving away money most of my life, but I know less about it now than ever." This remark may have been symbolic of Julius Rosenwald's modesty, but I have a feeling that it contained a kernel of truth. It is not true that individuals who have the capacity for accumulating fortunes are also equipped with the wisdom essential for the proper philanthropic disposal of the surplus. Julius Rosenwald seemed to have learned this lesson and thus a large share of the sixty or seventy million dollars he gave away was appropriated by advisors and specialists who operated his foundation, the Julius Rosenwald Fund.

This Fund has now completed its work, since Mr. Rosenwald stipulated that both the principal and the income should be dissipated within a single generation. "Investment in People" is an exciting story of the studied effort to improve education, health, and race relations through the wise expenditure of private funds. The authors were both employees of the Fund, and Mr. Embree was its president and director throughout its twenty-year existence and hence we have in this volume an "inside" life history of one foundation. The story is frankly and somewhat loosely told, beginning with an altogether too brief biographical sketch of Julius Rosenwald's life and closing with appendices which furnish the Fund's by-laws, officers, expenditures, names of persons and institutions who were recipients, and publications which resulted from the Fund's grants.

What characterizes the Rosenwald adventure and gives it a unique place in American philanthropy is the fact that Mr. Rosenwald was driven by a focused ideal and this ideal became transmuted into the foundation's policy. He had a passion for the American experience and its democratic aspirations and he was convinced that these aspirations would continue to be thwarted and the "dream" remain dusty so long as Negro citizens were compelled to accept inferior status. It was not the Fund's primary policy to attack race discrimination as such, but rather to improve the health and education for Negro citizens and thus drive discrimination out of the "front door" of American civilization. Through a fortunate confluence of forces, the very term of the Fund's existence coincided with the greatest advance in race relations in our nation's history. Dr. Embree and his associates do not take credit for this remarkable shift in attitudes and practices but it is my conviction that when the history of this epoch is finally written, the Rosenwald Fund will itself be counted as one of the effective forces of change. One-third of our Negro citizens now live in the urban North and West; six states have enacted anti-discrimination laws; over a million Negro workers are now bona fide members of trade unions; only seven Southern states retain the poll tax; Negroes now sit in Congress, in state legislatures, in city councils and serve on juries; over 100,000 Negroes are now studying in universities and colleges. These and other gains are mentioned in the chapter on race relations, the most glowing section.

When Bruce Barton recently proposed that the most effective way of piercing the Iron Curtain would be to drop Sears Roebuck catalogues from the sky upon the Russian people he thereby threw into relief Julius Rosenwald's other claim to fame, namely the saga of a son of a Jewish immigrant who built a two-billion-dollar mail-order business upon the assumption that an expanding sense of need was the sign of a happy and prosperous people. The Sears Roebuck catalogue, that "dream book" which "brought to the countryside a breath of the mysterious outside world," is also a symbol of something deeply significant in the American experience. And, the fact that Julius Rosenwald's mail-order business became one of the chief instruments for bringing faith and hope to American Negroes is one of those historic coincidences which confound our foreign critics and cause the historian with a sense of humor to chuckle.

Eduard C. Lindeman, professor of social philosophy at the New York School of Social Work, Columbia University, is the author of "Wealth and Culture" and other books.

Song to Play Slowly

By Joan Aucourt

GREEN as grass in the sky's shadow,
A sea in slumber, a salt sea-fire,
Green as an old song in a meadow,
Eyes like those who can make wit a liar.

Wise in the ways of stone and smiling,
Colder than honey in a brook:
Lips like those there is no beguiling,
A mouth like that is not soon forsook.

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The Mill of Judicial Proceedings

OATH OF DEVOTION. By Julius Isaacs. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1949. 337 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by MORRIS L. ERNST

A MILLION people pass through the Magistrates' Court in the City of New York each year.

"Night after night the police dragnet rounds up the Bowery barroom flies out of the river of booze." Mazie of the Bowery hands out dollars to the bums brought into court. Four youths under seventeen years of age admit to ten burglaries. What is the value of O'Neill's "The Ice Man Cometh" in manuscript, if stolen? A woman of eighty is dragged to court because she cannot afford to buy a new cover for an ash can. What about the child brought into the criminal court who says: "Friends. I have only one friend and I hate him."? What leads a policeman to give money to a man he just arrested for grand larceny? Hundreds of women are arrested on charges of prostitution each month. If you are a bus driver and you want a present for your wife for Christmas and you find a pearl necklace, what do you do with it? Keep the good one and turn in a two-dollar one that you buy at a nearby store! How much feeling have you got in your heart for the strange rich owner of the necklace?

"Oath of Devotion" is a book chockful of such stories, which, among literate people, will be found as thrilling as the comic strips, and as touching and as exciting as the best of the movies. Julius Isaacs sat on the bench in the most important court in New York State—the court that no one knows about except the millions who know of no court other than the Magistrates' Court. This tribunal, handling the so-called less important anti-social behaviors of people in our mad, great town, seems not to merit much concern from the leaders of the bar.

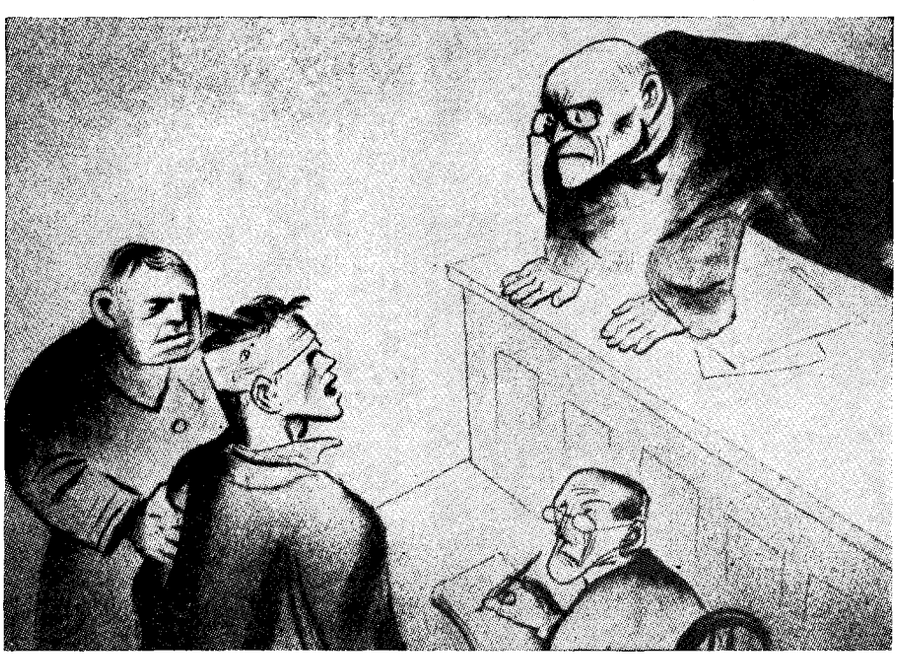
Julius Isaacs was a wise and great judge. He should have been kept on the bench but, as far as I can find out, none of the trade unions of lawyers in New York City are concerned about magistrates who deal with life instead of general rules of behavior and legal abstractions. The Bar Association of the City of New York has only recently made, we are told, an impress on the Governor in the selection of a judge to the Court of Appeals. I don't mean to say that I am in favor of lawyers' unions preparing lists, undisclosed to the members or the public, of persons to be recommended for judicial positions, but I do say that the lawyers and the community suffered a great loss when the Mayor of the city failed to reappoint Julius Isaacs, despite requests of deans of law schools and leading daily newspapers.

Here is a book that tells some of the stories that pass through that mill of judicial proceedings known as the Magistrates' Court. The author is a man of great humility but possesses inner security. He is a reformer at heart but shows a high degree of quiet humor. He understands the shortcomings and frailties of mankind and knows how to deal with individual people, and is also interested in the cultured literature of mankind.

Julius Isaacs has written an autobiography of a sort. Only in the United States could this kind of tale come into existence. Poor, immigrant, orthodox background; a cohesive family with pride and ambition sufficient to provide an education for the future judge; a taciturn youth full of fears, followed by a self-schooling as a debater as compensation for being pushed around as a skinny youth. Edna Ferber, in "A Peculiar Treasure," told how a girl from the Middlewest could spread her wings in this free land and could succeed in her chosen profession against obstacles usually thought insurmountable. In a way, Julius Isaacs does the same kind of job. As a member of the staff of the Corporation Counsel in New York City, as a friend of La Guardia, and, above all, as a man concerned with making New York City a more decent place for human beings to live in, he tells an exciting and important story. I recommend it for those who are interested in the problems of crime, in the frailties of mankind, in some of the shortcomings of our civilization. Amazingly enough, the book is free of bitterness and hatred except for the stupidity of men and women who are still toying with the idea that a jail sentence can spell out a cure for crime or a compensation for inadequate housing.

I happen to be in a little controversy at the moment with the American Bar Association because I referred in a recent book review to the fact that lawyers have not yet been able to write in a style which would appeal to a mass public. Many of my lawyer friends have written worth-while volumes, but for some odd reason the law still remains a mystery to the people of America. Until this veil of mystery is lifted, there is little hope of reform of the legal process. The control of jurisprudence will remain exclusively with lawyers. I welcome the "Oath of Devotion" as one important attempt to induce excitement among the men and women of our community about the pattern of intellectual hypocrisy in which we are living as shown by our attitude toward criminals. By and large we must all remember that the difference between a criminal and a convict is that the one has been caught and the other hasn't—as yet.

Morris L. Ernst, New York lawyer, was a member of President Truman's Civil Rights Committee. In collaboration with David Loth he has just written and published "The People Know Best" (Simon & Schuster), a study of the 1948 Presidential election.



—From "A Treasury of American Prints."

"The Judge," by William Gropper.

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Southwest Underdog

NORTH FROM MEXICO. By Carey McWilliams. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1949. 324 pp. $4.

Reviewed by BEATRICE GRIFFITH

CAREY McWILLIAMS, who has long made articulate the cry of minority groups in America, here presents a vitally important and superbly documented history of the Spanish-speaking people in America.

The title "North from Mexico" (it is explained in the foreword) was selected to avoid the anti-semantic pitfalls of such compounds as Indian-Spanish, Spanish-American, Mexican-American, and Latin-American, terms which either tell a partial story or admit of unconscious condescension. This title characterizes the flux and the directional focus of that great body of immigrants who, from varied and conflicting backgrounds, have become fused, since the seventeenth century, in the Southwest, and have come to represent an important, though often overlooked and traditionally persecuted, American minority group.

Beginning with a dramatic account of early Spanish explorations and exploitations in America — when a "Hispanic minority superposed its political structure, religion, and language on the natives"—, Mr. McWilliams takes his reader through the long and little-known years of Southwest history up to the present day.

Through his incisive and scholarly interpretation of this history—sometimes too carefully laced with quotations from other writers to give life and imagination to the facts so contained—Americans can for the first time know the Spanish-speaking people of this great area. As the book unfolds, so does the shameful record of what we, as the conquering *Yanquis,* have done to these people and their descendants who, even today, bear the status of second-class foreigners in our country—*their* country.

Our discrimination of this group has been particularly illogical. We imported the Negroes as slave labor, and have exploited and rejected them ever since, body and soul. We welcomed the Slavs, Italians, Irish, Germans, and Hungarians from Europe—used their labor and ideas, and in a generation or two their children became lost in the melting pot of our democracy. However, in the case of the Spanish and Mexicans, we not only took their labor for the development of our country, but also their lands, their culture, and technical knowledge. But their children, like the Orientals, have for the most part not melted because of prejudice.

We in the Southwest have accepted the cultural gifts of this disparaged people as part of our heritage, without knowing or giving recognition to the sources. Mr. McWilliams does a beautiful job of reducing the romantic contributions to scale, and in a scope of historical perspective not yet found in any book on the Spanish-speaking Americans enlarges and gives body and strength to their truly valuable contributions.

The author has not neglected the contemporary scene, and provides a significant amount of space for enumerating and charting "case histories." In view of the vast amount of research and the scholarly ardor that went into the making of "North from Mexico," it is to be hoped that the book will find readers among that segment of the American populace whose a priori assumptions about the Spanish-speaking people of the United States are woefully wanting and often criminally inaccurate.

Beatrice Griffith is author of "American Me," a book about Americans from Mexico published last autumn.

Minorities

AMERICA DIVIDED. By Arnold and Caroline Ross. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1949. 342 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

RECOGNIZING the vital importance of minority problems in the domestic life of the United States, and, through it, in the whole adjustment of world affairs, Arnold and Caroline Ross here present a comprehensive survey of the situation in the United States today, with helpful suggestions for its more constructive handling. After a brief section dealing with the theoretical and historical background of the subject, there are chapters setting forth the position of minorities in their economic, legal, political, and social relationships. Then follows a discussion of minority characteristics and the volume closes with two chapters on psychological attitudes and a look into the future.

This is a good book. Adopting what may be called the "orthodox liberal" approach, it is thorough, conscientious, and constructive, and it is packed with significant facts and figures. It is infused with an admirable spirit, and a wide reading of it and a sincere ac-

"That reminds me—I must get my income tax filed."

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ceptance of its central message would help to make a better world. But it has certain basic flaws which seriously mar its scientific character.

The first of these is the authors' complete disregard of the nature of the "in-group" and the "out-group," which is considered by most sociologists to lie at the very core of organized social life. This permits them to identify all shades of contra-group sentiment as simple "hate." This leads to a definition of "minority" in terms of "hate." "The mere fact of being generally hated because of religious, racial, or nationality background is what defines a minority group."

This, in turn, leads to some extraordinary confusions and contradictions. For example, in their discussions of religious cleavage, which are among their best, the authors make it clear that more hate, or at least more discrimination, flows from Roman Catholics toward Protestants than in the reverse direction. Does this mean that Protestants, in spite of their numerical superiority, are a minority? Again they assert, "Almost all Negroes hate whites." Does this make whites a minority?

Furthermore, since the pattern of hatred in the United States is an intricate crisscross—Jews hate Negroes, Negroes hate Jews, and Italians hate them both—it would seem to indicate that a given group is constantly shifting from minority to majority and back again.

The second major flaw is the reluctance of the authors, which they share with many well-intentioned

writers, to face up to the realities of race. Because of the confusion and harm associated with the concept of "race" they say "it would be best to abolish the term from our vocabulary completely." Yet they continually use the words "race" and "race problems" without any special qualification and devote a whole chapter to "Physical and Psychological Differences among Races and Nationalities" which is an interesting combination of good anthropology and undiscriminating "liberalism." They continually speak of "low-class Negroes," and they rightly point out that only about one-fourth of the technical "Negroes" in the United States are of pure-blooded African stock. But they miss the implication that since gradation in the Negro class hierarchy is based primarily on lightness of skin, attainment of upper-class status is correlated with an admixture of white stock which *might possibly* carry with it differences (not necessarily superiorities) of mental and emotional equipment.

Lastly, the authors' treatment of the immigration question displays superficialities and confusions, *i.e.*, the statement that "our immigration legislation has been the result of agitation on the part of small pressure groups on the one hand, and of concealed prejudice on the other" will be recognized as a grave misinterpretation by anyone who was intimately associated with the restriction movement. Several passages reveal an unawareness that in the first two decades of this century there was intense animosity against immigrants *as such*.

But the book nevertheless is well worth reading.

Henry Pratt Fairchild, professor emeritus of sociology at New York University, is author of "The Melting-Pot Mistake" and editor of "Immigrant Backgrounds."

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19 Stories

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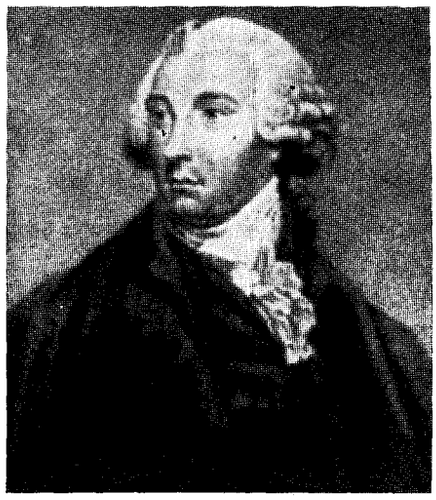
Personal History.

This week's brace of biographical volumes tempts one to speculate why certain human adventures have been so successfully recaptured on the printed page, while other lives, equally exciting and glamorous, elude satisfactory recording. Wilbert McLeod Chapman's "Fishing in Troubled Waters," the second of the books reviewed below, is a slight but pleasing book in the tradition of Charles Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle" and other classic accounts of the naturalist at work. Margaret Barton's competent life of the actor-producer David Garrick has no comparable tradition to follow. Many of the great of the magic world of the theatre have tried their hand, with and without assistance, at autobiography. Portraits of thespians have been undertaken by innumerable able biographers. Yet, oddly, it is difficult to name one deserving a place on the shelf of lasting literature.



David Garrick's "brief strutting hour on the stage is a fascinating success story."

The Greatest Actor of His Time

GARRICK. By Margaret Barton. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1949. 312 pp. $5.

Reviewed by ROBERT HALSBAND

THE present revival of interest in eighteenth-century English literature and arts makes a new biography of David Garrick welcome. As the greatest actor between Burbage and Henry Irving, his brief strutting hour on the stage is a fascinating success story. When he left Litchfield to travel to London with Samuel Johnson, whose pupil he had been for a short time, he had a few pence in his pocket; but when he died, his coffin was accompanied to Westminster Abbey by Peers of the Realm, thirty-five empty coaches from his stables, and his wealthy widow. His death, remarked Dr. Johnson, had "eclipsed the gaiety of nations."

Yet Garrick, for all his achievements, was primarily a popularizer rather than an innovator. In tragedy he was the great exemplar of "naturalistic" acting as against the declamatory delivery of set rhetorical speeches. His emotional vitality as Richard III, the part that brought him fame when he was only twenty-four, was simply the inspired rendering of a style which Macklin had revived. In stage costuming Macklin also led the way, for after he had donned kilts for the role of Macbeth, Garrick still played it dressed as a general in George II's army. Although he is sometimes credited with restoring the popularity of Shakespeare, that trend was well under way before he stepped out on the stage. Besides, he was content, like his fellow actors and managers, to use mutilated, "improved" versions of the plays. His "King Lear" ended happily, for that was what his audience wanted; and he was, after all, a successful actor-manager because he pleased those who showered applause and shillings upon him.

Perhaps his greatest achievement as an actor was a role he played entirely off-stage. He made his profession respectable. The vagabond status of the actor in Elizabethan times was definitely altered when Garrick was able to amass a fortune, consort with the aristocracy, and achieve membership in the Literary Club. His long, happy marriage and his solid middle-class virtues kept only the most stubborn from acknowledging the dignity of his profession. Among the stubborn was Dr. Johnson, who roared his famous reply when Boswell expressed admiration for the actor: "What, sir, a fellow who claps a hump on his back, and a lump on his leg, and cries, '*I am Richard the Third*'? The player only recites." Davy, whom Johnson allowed no one to abuse except himself, was much more than a mere reciter. His energetically convincing characterizations in comedy and tragedy were as phenomenally popular with his countrymen as with the French whom he impressed on his two visits to Paris. From their stage he borrowed a better system of stage lighting and more realistic stage settings.

Garrick's great talent, one which permeates every aspect of his varied career, was his clear, if superficial, intelligence. A foreign visitor wrote that his intelligence was "ubiquitous throughout every muscle of his body." Since acting was (until the motion picture) the most impermanent of arts, we cannot judge the eloquence of his miming. But we still have his literary remains, and in these his clear intelligence is visible. He altered, wrote, and collaborated in theatrical pieces of all kinds except, fortunately, the barren tragedies that less wise contemporaries were inspired to write. (He produced them.) He scribbled couplets with great facility, in the form of prologues, epilogues, squibs, and epigrams. His lines on Goldsmith show his knack at its best:

> Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness call'd Noll,
> Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll.

The biographer of such a versatile and influential figure must deal with a great mass of materials. In general Miss Barton threads her way with neat competence, digressing when necessary to describe the stage background of her actor. It is inexplicable, though, that while giving a fairly detailed bibliography, appendices, and an index, she disregards Professor Elizabeth P. Stein's scholarly study, "David Garrick, Dramatist." A persistent weakness of her book is her use of tasteless slang and cliché; and although her style is not so kittenish as her predecessor's in Garrick biography, Mrs. Clement Parson's (1906), she does state once that the actor "purred with contentment." Her portrait lacks the creative, supra-factual perception necessary to bring it to life, but we can still see, behind her patient marshaling of facts, the dim outlines of the greatest actor of his time.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 778)

R. C. HOLLIDAY:
THE FISH REPORTER

It is a thousand pities that no man of genius has ever been a fish-reporter.... It is highly probable that there is not under the sun any prospect so filled with scents and colors of story as that presented by the commerce of fish.

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South Sea Savants

FISHING IN TROUBLED WATERS. By Wilbert McLeod Chapman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1949. 256 pp. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM BEEBE

IN going through Dr. Chapman's volume I did two double-takes, from real anticipation, to disillusionment, and finally a shift to enjoyment of a most excellent yarn. Knowing the author as a first-rate ichthyologist, I had anticipated a book on Pacific fish, hoping, perhaps, for accounts of new and significant habits which await observation and record. I found, however, only a scant page here and there of fish life. The word "troubled" in the title referred, not to surface disturbances of flyingfish, but anthropomorphic aggravations due to diverse personalities and the immediacy of active war. Indeed, we are warned in the preface that scientific accounts of fish are absent and that this is not a war book.

Two civilian scientists were sent to the Solomon Islands to find and manage a fishing boat, equip it, work with a native crew, and provide the various shore stations with fresh food. The volume is an absorbing tale of the daily, exciting, and dog's life led by Chapman and his crew throughout five months among the South Sea Islands. The descriptions of various individualities from top generals to fuzzy-haired natives just out of the bush are vivid and real; so are the methods of attaining supplies and ultimate success by way of necessary begging, bluffing, threats, cases of Coca-Cola and quarts of whiskey.

In these pages we are given the cream of tribulations and joys in the lagoons of the Solomons, seasoned now and then by bully descriptions of the superb beauty of these seas and islands, and even a few pages of uneconomic interest in the fishes themselves.

Unforgettable bits are the approaching Japanese plane which filled an entire radar screen and drove a ship's crew wild with fear, and which at the moment of impact resolved into a giant fruit bat; again, the natives who watched a cinema—natives who recognized tanks but had never seen a horse. We also find first-hand experiences with sharks and, equally deadly or harmless, giant clam shells.

Even without piscine natural history, the book is hard to put down.

William Beebe is curator of ornithology at the New York Zoological Society, and has headed many expeditions to study birds and fish.

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PRESENTS

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Seeing Things

EVEN AS YOU AND I

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN once described a certain actress's Camille as being the first Camille he had ever seen who had died of catarrh. This reduction in scale of a major disease to an unpleasant annoyance is symptomatic of more than the acting practice of the contemporary stage. Even our dramatists, at least most of them, tend in their writing, so to speak, to turn t.b. into a sniffle. They seem ashamed of the big things; embarrassed by the raw emotions; afraid of the naked passions; and unaware of life's brutalities and tolls.

Of understatement they make a fetish. They have all the reticences and timidities of the over-civilized and undemonstrative. They pride themselves upon writing around a scene rather than from or to it; upon what they hold back instead of upon what they release. They paint with pastels, not oils, and dodge the primary anguishes as they would the primary colors.

Their characters belong to an anemic brood. Lacking blood, they lack not only violence but humanity. They are the puppets of contrivance, not the victims of circumstance or themselves. They are apt to be shadows without substance, surfaces without depths. They can be found in the *dramatis personae* but not in the telephone book. If they have hearts, their murmurings are seldom audible. They neither hear nor allow us to hear those inner whisperings of hope, fear, despair, or joy, which are the true accompaniment to spoken words. Life may hurt them, but they do not suffer from the wounds it gives them so that we, watching them, are wounded ourselves and suffer with them.

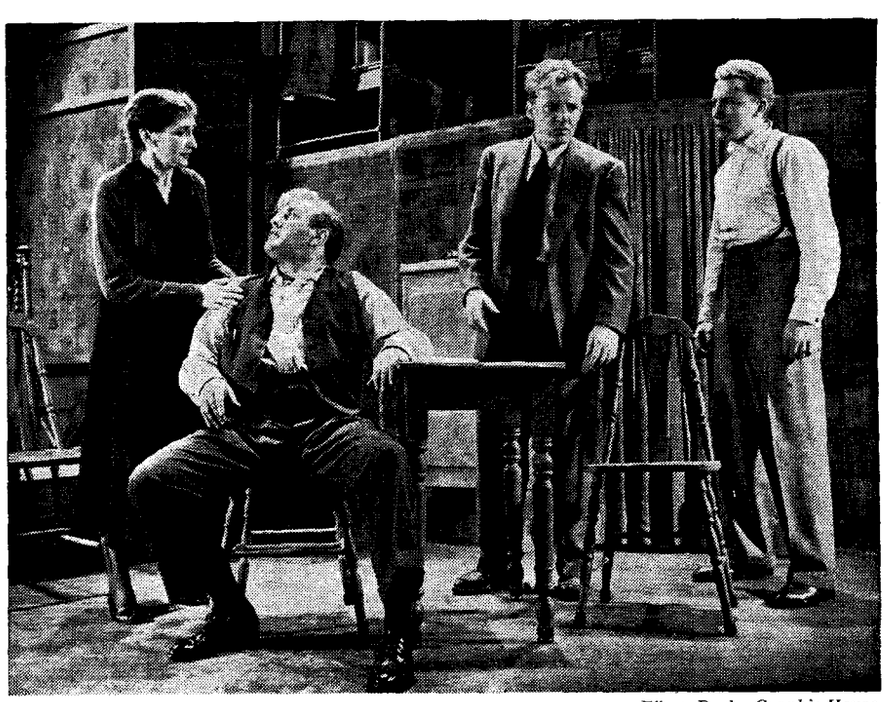
This willingness, this ability, to strike unflinchingly upon the anvil of human sorrow is one of the reasons for O'Neill's pre-eminence and for the respect in which we hold the best work of Clifford Odets and Tennessee Williams. It is also the source of Arthur Miller's unique strength and explains why his fine new play, "Death of a Salesman,"* is an experience at once pulverizing and welcome.

Mr. Miller is, of course, remembered as the author of "Focus," a vigorous and terrifying novel about anti-Semitism, and best known for "All My Sons," which won the New York Critics Award two seasons back. Although that earlier play lacked the simplicity, hence the muscularity, of Mr. Miller's novel, it was notable for its force. Over-elaborate as it may have been, it introduced a new and unmistakable talent. If as a young man's script it took advantage of its right to betray influences, these at least were of the best. They were Ibsen and Chekhov. The doctor who wandered in from next door might have been extradited from "The Three Sisters." The symbolical use to which the apple tree was put was pure Ibsen. So, too, was the manner in which the action was maneuvered from the present back into the past in order to rush forward. Even so, Mr. Miller's own voice could be heard in "All My Sons," rising strong and clear above those other voices. It was a voice that deserved the attention and admiration it won. It was not afraid of being raised. It spoke with heat, fervor, and compassion. Moreover, it had something to say.

In "Death of a Salesman" this same voice can be heard again. It has deepened in tone, developed wonderfully in modulation, and gained in carrying power. Its authority has become full-grown. Relying on no borrowed accents, it now speaks in terms of complete accomplishment rather than exciting promise. Indeed, it is released in a drama which is not only by all odds the best play to have been written by an American this season, but a play which provides one of the modern theatre's most overpowering evenings.

How good the writing of this or that of Mr. Miller's individual scenes may be, I do not know. Nor do I really care. When hit in the face, you do not bother to count the knuckles which strike you. All that matters, all you remember, is the staggering impact of the blow. Mr. Miller's is a terrific wallop, as furious in its onslaught on the heart as on the head. His play is the most poignant statement of man as he must face himself to have come out of our theatre. It finds the stuffs of life so mixed with the stuffs of the stage that they become one and indivisible.

IF THE proper study of mankind is man, man's inescapable problem is himself—what he would like to be, what he is, what he is not, and yet what he must live and die with. These are the moving, everyday, all-inclusive subjects with which Mr. Miller deals in "Death of a Salesman." He



—Eileen Darby-Graphic House.

Mildred Dunnock, Lee J. Cobb, Arthur Kennedy, Cameron Mitchell in "Death of a Salesman" . . . "an experience at once pulverizing and welcome."

* *DEATH OF A SALESMAN, a new play by Arthur Miller. Directed by Elia Kazan. Setting and lighting by Jo Mielziner. Costumes by Julia Sze. Incidental music by Alex North. Presented by Kermit Bloomgarden and Walter Fried. With Lee J. Cobb, Arthur Kennedy, Mildred Dunnock, Howard Smith, Thomas Chalmers, Cameron Mitchell, Alan Hewitt, Don Keefer, Winnifred Cushing, Ann Driscoll, Tom Pedi, Constance Ford, and Hope Cameron. At the Morosco. Opened February 10, 1949.*

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Life with Mother
with DOROTHY STICKNEY HOWARD LINDSAY
EMPIRE, B'way & 40th St. Eves. 8.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

handles them unflinchingly, with enormous sympathy, with genuine imagination, and in a mood which neither the prose of his dialogue nor the reality of his probing can rob of its poetry. Moreover, he has the wisdom and the insight not to blame the "system," in Mr. Odets's fashion, for what are the inner frailties and shortcomings of the individual. His rightful concern is with the dilemmas which are timeless in the drama because they are timeless in life.

MR MILLER'S play is a tragedy modern and personal, not classic and heroic. Its central figure is a little man sentenced to discover his smallness rather than a big man undone by his greatness. Although he happens to be a salesman tested and found wanting by his own very special crises, all of us sitting out front are bound to be shaken, long before the evening is over, by finding something of ourselves in him.

Mr. Miller's Willy Loman is a family man, father of two sons. He is sixty-three and has grubbed hard all his life. He has never possessed either the daring or the gold-winning luck of his prospector brother, who wanders through the play as a somewhat shadowy symbol of success but a necessary contrast. Stupid, limited, and confused as Willy Loman may have been, however, no one could have questioned his industry or his loyalty to his family and his firm. He has loved his sons and, when they were growing up, been rewarded by the warmth of their returned love. He loves his wife, too, and has been unfaithful to her only because of his acute, aching loneliness when on the road.

He has lived on his smile and on his hopes; survived from sale to sale; been sustained by the illusion that he has countless friends in his territory, that everything will be all right, that he is a success, and that his boys will be successes also. His misfortune is that he has gone through his life as an eternal adolescent, as someone who has not dared to take stock, as someone who never knew who he was. His personality has been his profession; his energy, his protection. His major ambition has been not only to be liked, but well liked. His ideal for himself and for his sons has stopped with an easy, back-slapping, sports-loving, locker-room popularity. More than ruining his sons so that one has become a woman chaser and the other a thief, his standards have turned both boys against their father.

When Mr. Miller's play begins, Willy Loman has reached the ebbtide years. He is too old and worn out to continue traveling. His back aches when he

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stoops to lift the heavy sample cases that were once his pride. His tired, wandering mind makes it unsafe for him to drive the car which has carried him from one town and sale to the next. His sons see through him and despise him. His wife sees through him and defends him, knowing him to be better than most and, at any rate, well-intentioned. What is far worse, when he is fired from his job he begins to see through himself. He realizes he is, and has been, a failure. Hence his deliberate smash-up in his car, in order to bring in some money for his family and make the final payment on his home when there is almost no one left who wants to live in it.

ALTHOUGH "Death of a Salesman" is set in the present, it also finds time and space to include the past. It plays the agonies of the moment of collapse against the pleasures and sorrows of recollected episodes. Mr. Miller is interested in more than the life and fate of his central character. His scene seems to be Willy Loman's mind and heart no less than his home. What we see might just as well be what Willy Loman thinks, feels, fears, or remembers, as what we see him doing. This gives the play a double and successful exposure in time. It makes possible the constant fusion of what has been and what is. It also enables it to achieve a greater reality by having been freed from the fetters of realism.

Once again Mr. Miller shows how fearless and perceptive an emotionalist he is. He writes boldly and brilliantly about the way in which we disappoint those we love by having disappointed ourselves. He knows the torment of family tensions, the compensations of friendship, and the heartbreak that goes with broken pride and lost confidence. He is aware of the loyalties, not blind but open-eyed, which are needed to support mortals in their loneliness. The anatomy of failure, the pathos of age, and the tragedy of those years when a life begins to slip down the hill it has labored to climb are subjects at which he excels.

The quality and intensity of his writing can perhaps best be suggested by letting Mr. Miller speak for himself, or rather by allowing his characters to speak for him, in a single scene; in fact, in the concluding one. It is then that Willy's wife, his two sons, and his old friend move away from Jo Mielziner's brilliantly simple and imaginative multiple setting, and advance to the footlights. It is then that Mr. Miller's words supply a scenery of their own. Willy Loman, the failure and suicide, has supposedly just been buried, and all of us are at his grave, including his wife who wants to cry but cannot and who keeps thinking that it is just as if he were off on another trip.

"You don't understand," says Willy's friend, defending Willy from one of his sons. "Willy was a salesman; and for a salesman, there is no rock bottom to the life. He don't put a bolt to a nut, he don't tell you the law, or give you medicine. He's a man way out there in the blue, ridin' on a smile and a shoeshine; and when they start not smilin' back—boys, that's an earthquake. And then you get yourself a couple a spots on your hat, and you're finished. Nobody dast blame this man. A salesman is got to dream, boys; it comes with the territory."

The production of "Death of a Salesman" is as sensitive, human, and powerful as the writing. Elia Kazan has solved, and solved superbly, what must have been a difficult and challenging problem. He captures to the full the mood and heartbreak of the script. He does this without ever surrendering to sentimentality. He manages to mingle the present and the past, the moment and the memory, so that their intertwining raises no questions and causes no confusions. His direction, so glorious in its vigor, is no less considerate of those small details which can be both mountainous and momentous in daily living.

It would be hard to name a play more fortunate in its casting than "Death of a Salesman." All of its actors—especially Arthur Kennedy and Cameron Mitchell as the two sons, and Howard Smith as the friend—act with such skill and conviction that the line of demarcation between being and pretending seems abolished. The script's humanity has taken possession of their playing and is an integral part of their performances.

Special mention must be made of Lee J. Cobb and Mildred Dunnock as the salesman, Willy Loman, and his wife, Linda. Miss Dunnock is all heart, devotion, simplicity. She is unfooled but unfailing. She is the smiling, mothering, hardworked, good wife, the victim of her husband's budget. She is the nourisher of his dreams, even when she knows they are only dreams; the feeder of his self-esteem. If she is beyond whining or nagging, she is above self-pity. She is the marriage vow—"for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health"—made flesh; slight of body but strong of faith.

Mr. Cobb's Willy Loman is irresistibly touching and wonderfully unsparing. He is a great shaggy bison of a man seen at that moment of defeat when he is deserted by the herd and can no longer run with it. Mr. Cobb makes clear the pathetic extent to which the herd has been Willy's life. He also communicates the fatigue of Willy's mind and body and that boyish hope and buoyancy which his heart still retains. Age, however, is his enemy. He is condemned by it. He can no more escape from it than he can from himself. The confusions, the weakness, the goodness, the stupidity, and the self-sustaining illusions which are Willy—all of these are established by Mr. Cobb. Seldom has an average man at the moment of his breaking been characterized with such exceptional skill.

Did Willy Loman, so happy with a batch of cement, when puttering around the house, or when acquaintances on the road smiled back at him, fail to find out who he was? Did this man, who worked so hard and meant so well, dream the wrong dream? At least he was willing to die by that dream, even when it had collapsed for him. He was a breadwinner almost to the end, and a breadwinner even in his death. Did the world walk out on him, and his sons see through him? At any rate he could boast one friend who believed in him and thought his had been a good dream, "the only dream you can have." Who knows? Who can say? One thing is certain. No one could have raised the question more movingly or compassionately than Arthur Miller.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Countryside, U. S. A.

By Norma Lay

MIND'S inward eye that travels history
glows at this landscape decked with feudal shapes,
decked with these towers of present barony.

Towers that rise in roundness, prick the air
as in a bygone architecture, now
hold only promise of a winter's care

for creatures that will occupy each keep.
These castles of democracy, these silos,
tell of compassion, tell of wars asleep.

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NEW EDITIONS

JUST a hundred years ago, last May, Sam Brannan rode into San Francisco shouting, "Gold, gold on the American River!," and the news of James Marshall's discovery at Sutter's Mill had started round the world. It reached New York City by mid-September, and London early in October. President Polk confirmed the truth of the report in his December message to Congress. The new year of 1849 had hardly begun before the great migration to California was on.

If you would know, as far as words can tell you, what it was like to travel with a typical wagon train of the Golden Army from Independence, Missouri, to Placerville, California, across 2,266 miles of plains, mountains, and deserts; what it meant to grind ahead, day after day, for three months, holding to a strict schedule in the face of all obstacles, problems, and discomforts—a schedule that had to be maintained if your party was not to be trapped by snow in the high Sierra; if you would share in imagination this extraordinary trek, which was once shared in reality by thousands of men and women from all corners of the earth, you can satisfy your wish by turning to the Centennial Issue of Archer Butler Hulbert's "Forty-Niners" (Little, Brown, $4), expertly introduced by Joseph Henry Jackson. This remarkably lively narrative, peopled by a vigorous cast of characters, amusingly illustrated by rare drawings, and given in the form of a young Argonaut's diary and letters, is a synthesis skilfully made from the best published material on the subject, from hundreds of unpublished personal accounts, and from the author's own foot-by-foot account of the emigrant trails. It is an impressive, vivid, and highly entertaining recreation of a unique page of history.

You will find other pages of Californian history in Harry Carr's "Los Angeles" (Grosset & Dunlap, $2.49), illustrated by E. H. Suydam; and in Celeste G. Murphy's "The People of the Pueblo or the Story of Sonoma" (Binfords & Mort, $3). The one is the work of an experienced reporter who loved the city of his adoption, despite the shortcomings and absurdities of which he was fully aware; the other is the work of an amateur local historian, who sets down a simple record of events and characters connected with the region which Jack London named the Valley of the Moon. Mr. Carr's vivacious book carries Los Angeles's story down to 1935, but it is interesting chiefly for its account of the old pueblo and the settlement's subsequent history, from the arrival of the first gringo, in 1818, through the "hell-roaring Fifties," down to the Iowan invasion and the great real-estate boom of 1885-87. The high point of Mrs. Murphy's tale is the Bear Flag revolt of 1846, which made California an independent republic for twenty-five days; and her leading character is the courtly, charming, humanitarian General Mariano Vallejo. Sonoma, incidentally, was "one of the principal outfitting places" for the gold diggings.

After Iowa came the movies, and from the days of the silents onward fascinated writers have been trying to tell the rest of the world what Hollywood is like. The bones of their failures litter California's deserts. But not the bones of Ludwig Bemmelmans. When his "Dirty Eddie" (Grosset, $1) first appeared, there were critics who said his satire was too broad; but they lived east of Bakersfield. Others declared it had all been done before; but they missed the important point that it had not been done as well. Bemmelmans's light lash cuts deep and uncovers truth. If you wish to understand Hollywood, you can do no better than to ponder the cases and story of Belinda (star), Vanya Vashvily (producer), Maurice Cassard, Ludlow Mumm, and Mr. Hack (writers), Moses Fable (executive producer), and Dirty Eddie (actor)—plus, of course, the seating arrangements at Romanoffs. Perhaps Bemmelmans writes of a golden age that is vanishing never to return; but the record stands.

Gore Vidal gives us his own version of Hollywood life, in the course of "The City and the Pillar" (Grosset, $1.49), which affords its readers a fascinating and apparently authentic view of homosexual character and society in the United States. The novelty of Mr. Vidal's frankness probably makes his novel seem a better piece of writing than it really is.

Vardis Fisher's "Children of God" (Vanguard, $4) tells another great American story—the amazing Mormon epic—with irresistible zest.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Music. *Thomas Mann once termed the art of music "politically suspect," implying that its political orientation is predominantly to the Right. To Sidney Finkelstein, whose "Jazz: A People's Music" is reviewed this week, its orientation is strictly Leftist. . . . Chopin and Mozart, both represented below, would also be hard to class among the reactionaries: Chopin because of his propagandizing for a free Poland, Mozart because of the connection with Beaumarchais. To mark the centenary of his death there is a new full-dress biography of Chopin. In "Mozart's Symphonies" an eminent authority, De Saint-Foix, traces one of the glorious developments in the symphonic realm.*

Musical Elegant

THE SYMPHONIES OF MOZART. By Georges de Saint-Foix. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1949. 217 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by DANIEL GREGORY MASON

THE Comte de Saint-Foix, born in Paris in 1874, student at the Schola Cantorum under Vincent d'Indy, co-author with Theodor de Wyzewa of the five-volume "W. A. Mozart, Sa Vie Musicale et Son Oeuvre," of which he completed the last three volumes after Wyzewa's death, published in 1932 "Les Symphonies de Mozart," of which this is the first English translation. Engaging are the enthusiasms and especially the modesty that prompt him to speak of the gifted Wyzewa as "my never-to-be-forgotten master," to confess of the Andante of the "Prague" Symphony, "I feel myself powerless to describe it," and in his introduction even to suggest: "Perhaps my ambition has greatly outrun my means."

Yet as we read on we find ourselves obliged to recognize that he is, in truth, more musicologist than musician. His historical sections are more enlightening than his analytical ones; and in technical matters he is often irrelevant, and sometimes wrong. Frequently, not finding means to reveal the actual musical reasons for some of Mozart's greatest effects, he falls back on the fatal effort to "describe" music in words. The result is whole pages touching the most turbid depths of the "program-note style," as, for instance, of that same "Prague" Andante: "We recognize something pastoral or idyllic; but for all the singing of birds and the murmuring of waters, fleeting clouds often come to darken the landscape."

The efforts after more purely musical analysis, again, are too often futile through failure to distinguish the important, which should be developed, from the unimportant, better omitted. For instance, of measure 236 in the first movement of the G minor Symphony we read: "The same measure's silence, as in the first part, divides the second subject from the foregoing; it is now in the tonic, giving it much more intensity of expression." Here the first clause may be deleted as obvious. The second is in error: being in the tonic is not what gives the lovely melody such enhanced appeal in its repeat, but being changed from major to minor, and given also new and exquisitely subtle chromatic harmonization.

Much more satisfactory than the analyses, or the purple patches that take their place, are the historical sections where the author has the happy idea of running through, chronologically, some of the dicta of men like Fétis, Berlioz, Wagner, and others. Especially interesting are those on the three great last symphonies. In quality these range all the way from typical newspaper criticisms of our own day, such as that of Bourges, assistant to Berlioz, who found in the "Jupiter," "too many needless commonplaces, too much aimless and ineffective development," and of course pronounced the final fugue "academic," to the sound and highly diverting comments of Wagner on the Munich kapellmeister who "converted the lightly floating Andante [of the G minor] into a ponderous Largo. . . . and the feathers of the angels' wings [the thirty-second-note figures] into corkscrew curls," and who to Wagner's helpless horror, *repeated* the entire first second—"I acquiesced and bowed my head in silence."

Rewarding, too, is the final chapter

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on the relation of Mozart and Haydn, though the qualification of Haydn as an "entertainer" certainly needs further qualification. William Alexander Percy in his "Lanterns on the Levee" quotes the exclamation of a true Haydn enthusiast which will serve the purpose, redeeming the balance between the two great geniuses and devoted friends: "Presently he'd be laughing like a Franz Hals, exclaiming: 'Ach! Haydn! He knew more than all the rest. Chopin—sick! Beethoven—too religious! Mozart—too elegant! But Haydn—that is music, happy and sober, sane as sunshine!' "

Daniel Gregory Mason has been a popular writer on matters musical ever since his "From Grieg to Brahms" was published forty-seven years ago. "The Quartets of Beethoven" is Dr. Mason's latest critical opus.

A National Heritage

JAZZ: A PEOPLE'S MUSIC. By Sidney Finkelstein. New York: Citadel Press. 1948. 278 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by DOROTHY BAKER

I DON'T believe Sidney Finkelstein wrote "Jazz: A People's Music" with the idea of grinding any personal axes or selling any novelties. Apparently he just wanted to say what he had to say on a subject he's interested in and knows an uncommon lot about. And this is fortunate, because the result is a totally exceptional book, written without any of the strain of exclusive partisanship, and yet giving jazz music its due in the best possible way, honestly and philosophically.

It's a book about jazz, and it sticks to the subject, but in a larger way than is usual, seeing also all around the subject. It starts by locating jazz in the history of music, and then it describes, closely and precisely, its own particular history, making it inseparable from the history of the people who, of necessity, invented it. The Negroes, in destitution and deprivation, had to make their own entertainment. And so they made it, and it became a national heritage—a very considerable gift, and purely indigenous. As far as African roots are concerned the evidence indicates that Stravinsky seems to have got more music out of Africa, consciously, than the American Negro ever has, unconsciously. And it's a relief to have this big vagueness about Congo chants and jungle drums in jazz sensibly scrutinized and minimized. We end up at home where we belong, with jazz music a home product. It's also a product of slavery in the beginning, poverty after abolition, and struggle all the time. But it's a great product, emotionally sincere and powerful, and it has been able to build itself with what it had to work with, step by step, from extreme simplicity to extreme complexity, because "the world moves and art must change."

Descriptions of the musical style of the great names of jazz, from Jelly-Roll Morton to Duke Ellington, are as brilliant and accurate as any I've ever come across. They do what illuminating and perceptive criticism ought to do, send you back to the source, straight to the phonograph to play the records again, hear the music for yourself, and know that what was said was said right.

But what finally makes this book exciting is its very lack of excitement, its sustained tone of thoughtfulness and understanding and hope. Out of the history and criticism, the ultimate and dominant theme is always progress, the incorrigible progress that has never allowed any art to stay comfortably in one place for

THE NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF

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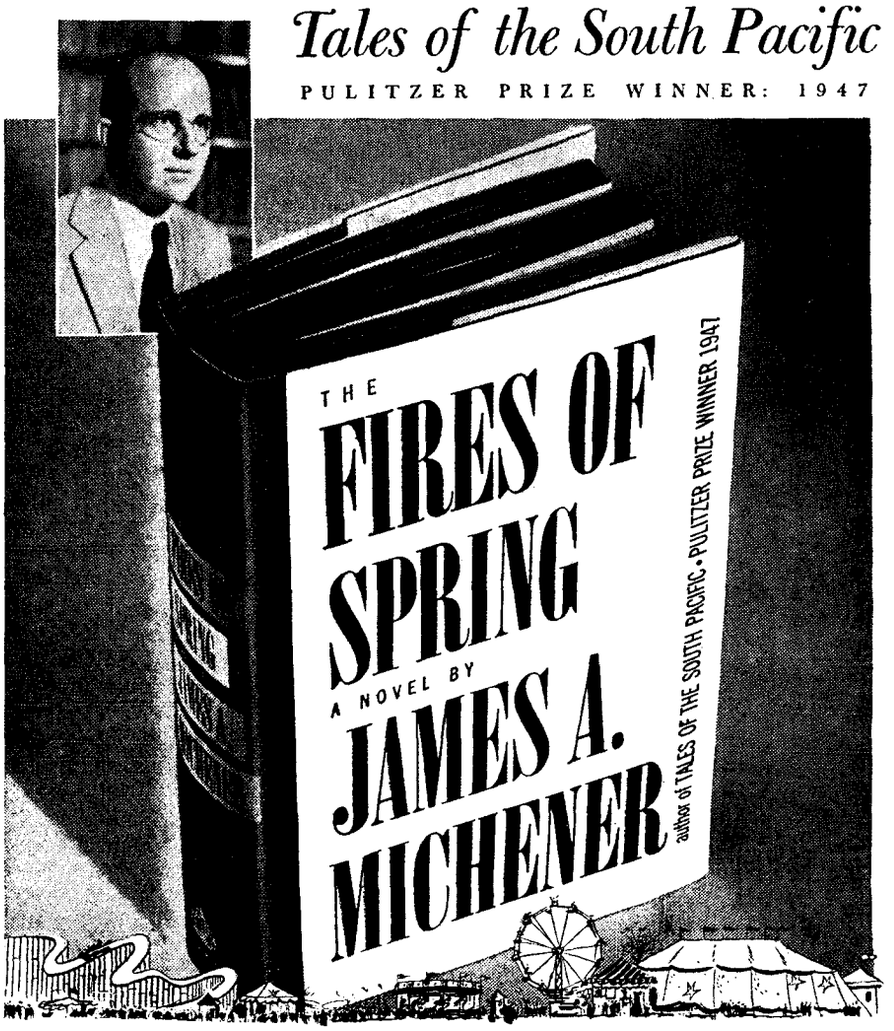

➡ Though it is a complete departure, in manner and substance, from the book that won him the Pulitzer Prize in 1947, THE FIRES OF SPRING is certain to win James Michener as much acclaim as did *Tales of the South Pacific*. It is a wonderfully sympathetic account of the terror, adventure, and amazement of growing up . . . from the incomparable delights that a boy finds in simple things, to the heartbreak and exultation of a young man's first wild love affairs. The story shifts from Bucks County, Pa., across America with a Chautauqua show, to New York's Greenwich Village. It is a deeply moving chronicle of a young man's struggle with the desires of the flesh and the spirit.

503 pages, $3.50. At all bookstores, RANDOM HOUSE, New York

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long. "The struggle in art is to remain good. . . . This means the avoidance of meaningless repetitions of old patterns that have served their purpose. It means a constant awareness of new human and musical problems and a struggle to solve them." That jazz will solve its problem (and it's a mean problem compounded of night-club life, lack of security, lack of everything, just as always) Sidney Finkelstein feels is a good possibility. His own conjecture and hope is that jazz is destined, and about ready, for formal composition. And the fact that formal concert music in this field has so far and mostly been not too good, doesn't mean that it can't be and won't be. "If the blues are given a new lease on life, they will change, just as the blues themselves rose out of and alongside the spirituals."

Dorothy Baker is the author of "Trio" and "Young Man with a Horn," the latter a novel based on the life of the jazz musician Bix Beiderbecke.

Composer's Centenary Critique

CHOPIN: THE MAN AND HIS MUSIC. By Herbert Weinstock. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1949. 336 pp. $5.

Reviewed by ROBERT LAWRENCE

ISSUED for the centenary year of the composer's death, Herbert Weinstock's new biography of Frédéric Chopin is likely to become the standard work in English on the man's life and music. Availing himself of modern research as well as a critical examination of other standard biographical works on the subject, Mr. Weinstock has succeeded in turning out a book that is engrossing, scholarly, and provocative—for this is not only a presentation of Chopin's life but an absorbing exposition of his works.

In the biographical section of the book Mr. Weinstock reaches his stride with the entrance of George Sand upon the scene. The figure of Chopin's mistress, a colorful one, as well as the background of the Orléanist Paris, against which such personalities as Victor Hugo, Delacroix, Berlioz, Meyerbeer, and Balzac moved with striking prominence, are presented with skill and understanding. It is Mr. Weinstock's thesis that Chopin, during the fruition of his relationship with Sand, produced his greatest music. But where the author has made these Parisian days come alive so that Chopin and Sand are part of a great and vibrant tapestry, the earlier portion of the book does not quite approximate this latter excellence. For the reader interested in knowing more about Chopin's native background, a fuller account of his boyhood at Warsaw would have been welcome.

Mr. Weinstock's treatment of Chopin's music is exhaustive and brilliant, including analyses not only of the standard works, but of the complete Chopin literature. All of them are done with high technical skill and imagination. For this reviewer's taste, more extensive musical illustrations might have been provided to offset a sense of abstractness in their absence. The author has been sparing with examples, limiting most of them to fine points of discussion or to the reproduction of certain works by Chopin and his forerunner, John Field, which are no longer available. What the new biography could arrive at if basic quotes from all of Chopin's works were used—and it is to be hoped they may be included in subsequent editions—may be seen from Mr. Weinstock's admirable analysis of the G minor cello sonata, in which a running musical commentary reinforces at every point his well-chosen and penetrating comments.

Moving from a certain impersonality at the beginning to a warm, honest, and eloquent account of the life and works, this book is clearly the authoritative volume on Chopin. Its thoroughly documented appendices, including the composer's birth registry and baptismal certificate, its careful transliteration of Polish names and introductory notes on Polish music, its fine bibliography and complete listing —as well as discussion—of all of Chopin's works, make it an essential part of every musician's library as well as a desirable volume for the layman.

Robert Lawrence, conductor and critic, is known to music lovers for his regular appearances on the Metropolitan Opera Quiz. At present he is working on the "Victor Book of Ballets."

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(*Continued from page 19*)

accurate reporting. It belongs in a specialist's journal, not occupying the greater part of page 30, but Mr. Knapp puts it there because the problem has troubled biographers, and he can throw a new light on the problem. What the reader longs for is Carlyle, is Macaulay, is Gamaliel Bradford, is anybody who will put first things first in biography. Important as accuracy is, art is also important, and the difficulty with scholarship of this sort is that it sacrifices art to accuracy. Surely literary research can find some middle way between the care which reprints on page 24 Smollett's clothing bill of 1739, and the unbased and reckless assertions of your mere journalistic biographers. Surely that forgotten man, the gentle reader, is also entitled to discover Smollett. But I fear Mr. Knapp's compendium of Smollett lore (which, I repeat, I deeply and heartily respect) is not the answer. It will not make readers for "Humphrey Clinker."

The Tormented

DIARIES, 1914-23. By Franz Kafka. New York: Schocken Books. 1949. 343 *pp.* $3.75.

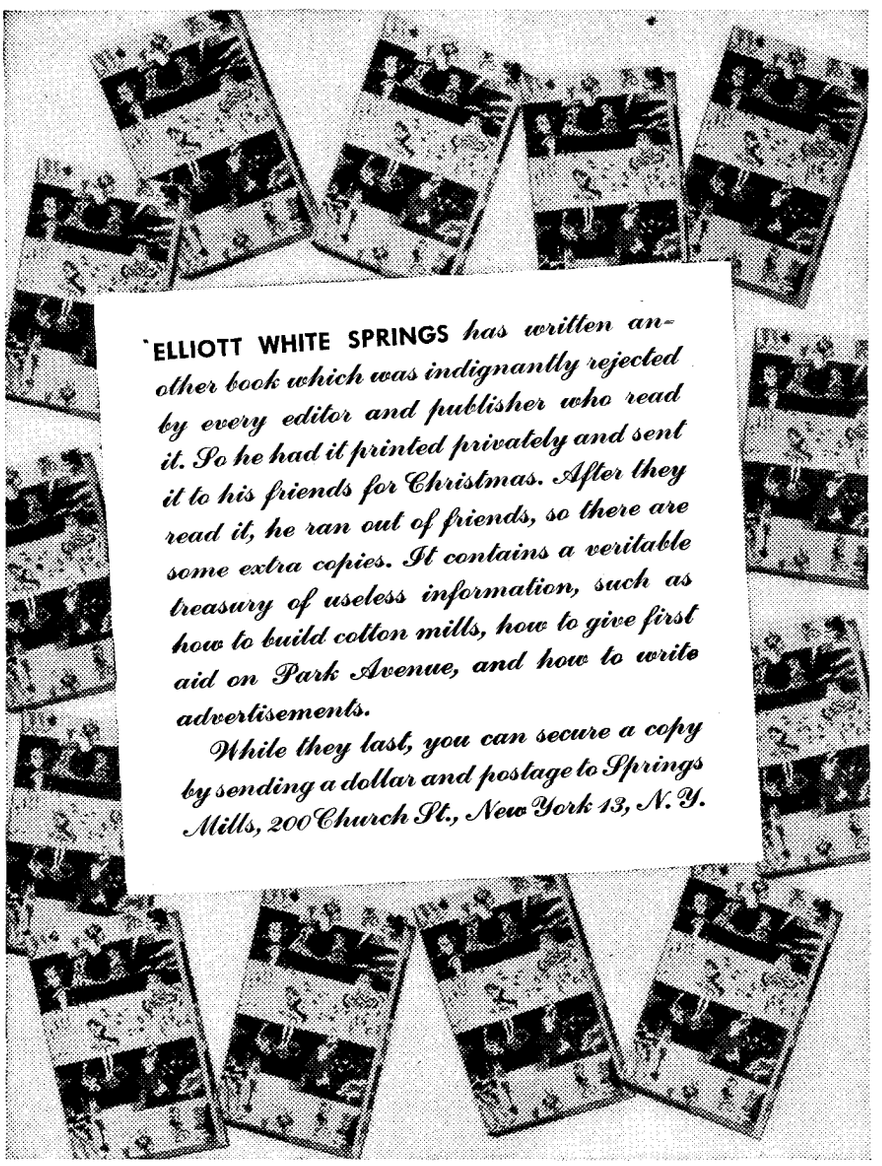
Reviewed by CLAUDE HILL

IT BECOMES more and more apparent that the neurosis of our time has found in Franz Kafka one of its most illuminating witnesses. It is only now, a quarter of a century after his death, that the sick genius of the German-writing Bohemian Jew, Kafka, is being recognized by the general reading public. It is no coincidence that his discovery should occur in our decade, at a time when the spirit of Kierkegaard, the forgotten grandfather of existentialism, can be felt in the literary creations of today's leading minds, from Thomas Mann's "Doctor Faustus" to the works of Gide, Rilke, Wolfe, O'Neill, Koestler, Sartre, Camus, Heidegger, and Jaspers. Man, thrown into this world, unaided and alone, with no redemption in sight and yet not despairing—that is the theme song of our tortured modern world; at least for those who have remained immune to the seeming comfort offered by either the churches or the totalitarian ideologies. And it is precisely the utter frustration and anxiety of modern man which underlie Kafka's work.

The new volume of the diaries from 1914-23 covers the last decade of Franz Kafka's life. According to his friend, biographer, and editor, Max Brod, nothing has been omitted except a few references to living persons and some lines too intimate for publication. The picture of an unbearably unhappy man, revealed in his previously published books, engraves itself upon the reader's mind anew. The neurosis of the modern world is here diagnosed by a supersensitive neurotic patient: Kafka emerges as a fragile, shy, introspective, lonely person constantly plagued by physical ailments (headaches, heart attacks, tuberculosis, insomnia), and dreadfully haunted by dreams and nightmares. There are beginnings of short stories, brief notations, fragments (notably among them "Memoirs of the Kalda Railroad," reminiscent of Dostoievsky), and there is forever a delving and boring into his own personality and the reasons for his unhappiness.

If it were not for Max Brod's postscript and notes, one would learn almost nothing of Kafka's outward life from his diaries. There are just two short references to World War I, there is not a word about the nature of his job to which he desperately clung during most of his life, there is practically no discussion of literary influences or fellow writers (although he mentions his friendship with Werfel), and there is not a single indication as to the author's stand on political and social issues. There is but one theme: Kafka.

What then, one may ask, is the significance of these diaries? First of all, to the literary historian they would seem to be indispensable in view of the author's growing importance, although a final Kafka volume of octavo notebooks, announced by Dr. Brod, may shed more light on the poet as craftsman and writer. Secondly—and this transcends the mere Kafka interest — the diaries probe into the Number One Problem of our time: the torment of ex-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Moderns' Marrow

ENGLISH LITERATURE & IDEAS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By H. U. Routh. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1948. 204 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JULES SCHWERIN

FROM a quick glance at the table of contents, one might get the false impression that here was just another literary survey we could do without. It is a useful reference work to be sure, but it is much more. The unfolded canvas proves almost too broad to do justice to a conscientious appraisal of eighty-odd authors who have made literary history since 1900.

What Dr. Routh is concerned with is the change in literary taste and the disintegration of cultural values as they are reflected in the life-work of these writers. In essence it is "literature linked with thought"; a consideration of the impact that ideas have had on the most original thinkers of the age; and, finally, a speculation as to their future positions in a so-called literary nirvana.

This is an inventive book filled with a seemingly inexhaustible source of erudition, combining the best elements of traditional critical analysis with a breezy unliterary style. We are carried across the conventional discussion of schools of thought to a provocative interpretation of writers as beings of their times, influenced as were their readers by the changes in the traditions, in the diffusion of new ideas and aspirations. A new middle class arose at the end of the Victorian Age becoming a new reading public that required new writers who might cater to their whims and channel their restlessness. Writers like Kipling were confused and undecided as to where to place their allegiances; others, like Conrad, Wells, and Bernard Shaw, constantly broke new ground by assaulting the social barriers, the mores, with ideas of personal freedom, cosmopolitanism, and scientific progress.

Starting with Kipling, whose legs straddled both the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, the author extracts the marrow from each writer's dossier. Writers in the mainstream receive extended treatment where their various books and plays are closely dissected in the light of their personal philosophies, their artistic credos, and their economic motivations

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEAD SURE Stewart S. Stirling (Dutton: $2.50)	N. Y. house-dick finds corpse of vitamin king in a hotel bedroom, also lovely redhead. He cuts corners.	Ample number of doors, windows, corridors, and closets makes carryings-on confusing but continuously exciting.	Grade B toughie
GILBERT'S LAST TOOTHACHE Margaret Scherf (Crime Club: $2.25)	Episcopal cleric and wife succumb strangely at mountain convention. Suspicious Rev. Buell asks police questions and gets exciting answers.	Ministerial sleuth encounters numerous odd and amusing adventures, also cold-blooded killer, in tale that satisfactorily mixes mirth and murder.	High-spirited
NOTHING MORE THAN MURDER Jim Thompson (Harper: $2.50)	Film exhibitor's wife dies in "accident" that looks okay to almost everybody. But one man has his doubts. . . .	Effectively hardboiled tale of ruthless, yet sensitive, slayer and sundry women who put him up to it all.	Grim—but very good!
MURDER CITY O. M. Hall (Farrar, Straus: $2.50)	Detective, acquitted of one murder, is promptly plunged into holocaust of crime by gangsters and politicoes of graft-ridden town.	Sputters with action and gunfire from outset, and then goes off at end with long, corpse-littered, and slightly ludicrous explosion.	Tough going

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(whenever observed). Following such paragraphs is a section devoted to a very personal, often quixotic prediction on the writer's chances for immortality.

We have no complaint with Dr. Routh's anticipated comment in his foreword to those critics who will complain that he has omitted certain writers. We do complain, however, of the occasional lapses he makes in selectivity and critical emphasis among the latter-day writers. His somewhat off-hand treatment of W. H. Auden, Spender, Day Lewis, and MacNeice—perhaps the most dynamic influences of contemporary poetry—must be contrasted with the unaccountable consideration he has given to *kitsch*-writers like Charles Morgan and Howard Spring, who have contributed nothing to literature save best-selling attributes.

Then, in a long and smart interpretation of the career of Somerset Maugham, Dr. Routh charms us with his insight, perceiving the essentials in the youth and maturity of the master's collected work. But he seems to avoid the conclusion that the author of "The Razor's Edge," "Up at the Inn," and "Then and Now" has had to abandon the pretense of being a serious writer of ideas. Dr. Routh nevertheless admits posterity will honor Maugham with only passing interest as there will be more interest in other writers of originality.

Violating many of the basic pronunciamentos of current criticism, is Routh's consideration of T. S. Eliot—now buttressed further with the Nobel Prize. He attacks him for superficiality, accusing Eliot of having seized upon commonplaces that were current in the nineteenth century and making them his own by means of his erudition. Admiring the poet's earliest and most mature periods best, the author acknowledges that Eliot is now showing high seriousness in the best literary tradition "as if the poet were on the borders of an unexplored consciousness." The work of the "Four Quartets" "kindles the imagination" and greater works may possibly grow out of this phase.

To Routh, "Ulysses" and, by implication, "Finnigans Wake," are failures, "magnificent and unmistakable." He grants that the impetus in methodology, manner, technique, and artistic integrity were noble gifts Joyce passed on to other, younger writers. But he questions the validity of the great, final works, considering Joyce an artistic whetstone.

One cannot accept all the premises reached here that strike at fashionable opinions. But it is a lively experience and that's often a welcome excuse in literary criticism.

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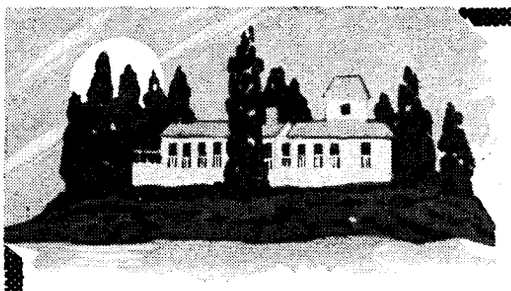

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the Phoenix Nest

OAK TREE

LONG summer long
When storms were strong
Rain bent it and wind blew it.

Then frost came there
And boughs were bare
Snowsalt from winter's cruet.

My naked tree
Was tracery
Where bedtime could show through it.

But who was she
In trust of me
Had built her nest in my upmost tree?
And I never knew it.

—BARCLAY HALL.

* * *

I had always heard about the Sitwells's "Façade." Through the kindness of press admission I had the pleasure of hearing a pre-performance of it the other day at the Museum of Modern Art. My only criticism of the Juilliard School arrangement of apparatus by which we were able, in the auditorium, to hear Dr. Edith Sitwell from the fourth floor, was that I could also hear her breathing in between recitations, a circumstance they can obviate in radio studios by a "cough-button" or some such device. Dr. Sitwell has an excellent voice for recitation, and the music William Walton wrote at—was it nineteen?—is striking. So were the designs by the Spanish painter Esteban Frances projected upon the screen through which came Dr. Sitwell's voice. I wondered whether, instead of declarative poetry, however impressionistic, words not necessarily in sentences, dramatically pronounced, and for their color and symbolic value, would have not been more homogeneous with the music. Of course, Dr. Sitwell's early poetry sometimes approached that, but declarative sentences were occasionally lost in the music, or partly lost, and, to me, there was some irritation in the competition between words and music. In fact, I thought the practically impossible was daringly attempted, and did not quite come off. But why under heaven so exciting an experiment should have been greeted with anger and jeers in London—not to say fury—when originally presented, is quite beyond my understanding! The elimination of the personality of the reciter was, to me, questionable, when the personality is Dr. Sitwell's, and (after the performance) she showed that she had a most stunning gold cloak to go with it. Sir Osbert is always engaging, and never more so than when—in explaining the elimination of the reciter's actual presence—he added wistfully, "Well, but here *I* am standing before you, aren't I?" I understand that the instrumental performance of the Juilliard musicians was excellent, something upon which I am not equipped to pronounce judgment. In any event, it was a very pleasant morning, and the seats in the auditorium of the Musuem of Modern Art are as comfortable as those at Radio City Music Hall, which is saying a great deal!

* * *

HIGH AND DRY

These lines indict
Those who can write
The fine word "height,"
Yet who so blithe—
Ly speak it "heighth."

I have no doubt
These people flout
The good word "drought,"
That in their mouth
It turns to "drouth."

—DOROTHY LAMB.

* * *

Mrs. Norman W. Ward, of Bedford Hills, N. Y., has called my attention to an error in the NEST of Jan. 15. The author of "Harold of England" and "The Maid of Orleans" was the late Kerr Rainsford, of Katonah, N. Y., a friend and neighbor of hers, and she says:

> Mr. Rainsford had nothing to do with the Carnegie School of Technology. He was a retired architect. Mr. Rainsford was drowned at Fishers' Island in July 1947.

* * *

FOR PURPOSES OF ASKING WHAT'LL COME, WE'RE PAGING ARISTOTLE

"From Aristotle on, a whole school of thinkers has believed that the picture of a state can be best . . . drawn by answering the simple question: Who gets what?" (Edgar Ansel Mowrer, "Peace Pipe Dreams." *SRL* Sept. 18).

My mind, I find, has struck a clinker—
Perhaps because I'm not a thinker.

Stacked up against the Peace Pipe Dreams
Are numerous and demon schemes.
On germ warfare and bombs they plot,
All greedy over who gets what—

These men who fain would rule a state
Devoid of love and full of hate.

With bombs and germs a threat, our doom
Seems more the query: What gets whom!

—WIN ECKHARDT.

* * *

Arthur S. Bourinot, editor of the *Canadian Poetry Magazine*, has cleared up a mystery for me:

> In the PHOENIX NEST for Jan. 8 you mention a novel, "A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder." This book was written by James De Mille, who was professor of classics at Acadia University from 1860-65, and professor of English at Dalhousie College from 1865-80. He wrote other novels and also books for boys, mostly published by Harper. His complete works total some thirty volumes. He was also a humorist of some note.

* * *

COLD COMFORT

Little worry, don't you fret
You'll become a Problem yet.

—MARIAN S. LAMONT.

* * *

Francis Christensen, of the University of Southern California at Los Angeles, writes me:

> I hope my lines are not too long for the narrow columns of your NEST:
>
> Is it his subjects' mendacity or their moral plasticity
> That gives Kinsey's curves their homoscedasticity?
>
> And there is too such a word, though I don't know what dictionary you'll find it in. It comes from the jargon of the statisticians and I'm told they use it to refer to the "peakedness" of their curves; so my poem makes sense.

It hasn't made our Webster's Unabridged yet, however!

* * *

LOW TIDE

A shellfish and a gastropod,
I gape, at low tide, up to God.
A mussel and a limpet I go,
But the mud keeps off the impetigo.

From sea then comes me cranking in
A Comical Thought, as clear as gin.

—DOVE DULCET.

* * *

And so, trusting that your New Year's resolutions are still resolute. . . .

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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The Film Forum

BROTHERHOOD WEEK: FEB. 20-27

***The Saturday Review's* Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Brotherhood Week, devoted to the bettering of intercultural and interracial relations, comes to an end tomorrow. It will have missed its mark, however, if it has not persuaded many groups throughout the country to keep hammering away at these issues throughout the coming year. Many of them will wish to use 16mm. films, and our space this week is therefore devoted to a selection of films on brotherhood. It would be pleasant to report that these carefully chosen pictures did a uniformly good job: that they were well-reasoned and persuasive, convincing and realistic. Unfortunately, the heart has had more to say in their making than the head; and the heart in its most sentimental moments. The more professional the film, the less compelling we find it to be. Our vote goes unhesitatingly to "Whoever You Are," which, for all its amateurishness, is a plain-spoken, sincere, and intensely practical record of what one community has done to mend its fences.*

MAKE WAY FOR YOUTH

Sponsored by the National Social Welfare Assembly and produced by Transfilm, Inc. Available from Association Films, 35 West 45th St., New York, N. Y. (19 Mins.)

Narrated by Melvyn Douglas, this film sets out to tell the story of the formation of a youth council at Madison, Wis. It all starts with a battle between two rival gangs "from the north and south sides of town," in which the local newspaper editor's son gets killed. Suddenly aroused by this dramatic incident, he writes a wrathful editorial, telling the townspeople that they had better get wise to what is happening right in their midst. The kids themselves begin to organize to fight racial intolerance. They organize a youth council, get hold of a recreation director, raise funds, prepare reports, and finally talk the mayor and the city council into letting them have a big warehouse where they can hold their meetings. The film ends with a tree-planting project, which symbolizes the new spirit of friendship between kids of different races and religions.

Unfortunately, the story carries little conviction. The fact of racial intolerance never comes to life in the two brief and unconvincing episodes which are supposed to portray it. The atmosphere of the film is one of simple jollity. Moreover, though the poorer districts of the town are casually referred to, all the children in the film seem to come from the well-to-do levels of society, which are more apt to create intolerance than to suffer from it. However, as a means of showing some of the difficulties of forming a local youth council, and suggesting how energy and enthusiasm can overcome them, this film may do some good.

WHOEVER YOU ARE

Produced by V. F. T. Films. Available from Film Program Services, 1173 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y. (18 mins.)

This is a frank report of how a single New York community got to grips with its race problems. The initial statement is clear: it is the parents who stir up racial intolerance, not the children, still less mysterious "Nazis." Therefore it is the parents who get together, hesitantly and reluctantly at first, then with a growing sense of confidence. They gain the support of the churches, the schools, the magistrates, the business leaders; and though the district is evidently a very poor one, they manage to raise sufficient funds to pay a full-time recreation director. The film does not claim that these measures solve all the problems. The district is still no paradise for its Negroes, Catholics, and Jews. But a solid beginning has been made.

The film has a warm and persuasive honesty which more than compensates for its amateur camera work and cutting. It convinces the audience that what can be done here can also be done again, if the approach is both hard-headed and sincere.

ONE PEOPLE

Sponsored by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith. Animation: Dodal. Available from the sponsors, 212 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. In color. (11 mins.)

The first half of this animated film traces the course of colonization in the Eastern states, then moves westward to show how many more races contributed to the opening up of the frontier. As an antidote to the prevailing view of America's Anglo-Saxon origins, this film is excellent.

TEAMWORK

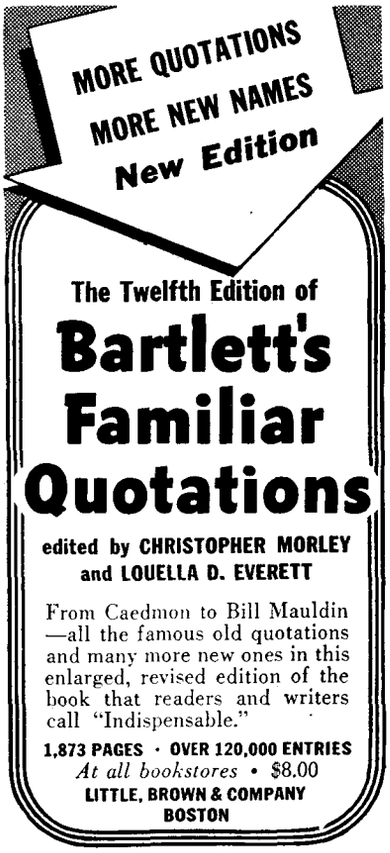
Produced by the War Department. Available from Film Program Services. (16 mins.)

A recognition of the part played by Negro soldiers in the supply services during the latter part of the war. While a useful corrective to former Nazi propaganda, it lays itself open to the charge that the Army itself practised discrimination.

Other films recommended by The American Brotherhood are "It Happened in Springfield," "The House I Live In," and "The Brotherhood of Man." Perhaps more powerful and effective than any of these films is "The Quiet One" (*SRL* Dec. 11; not yet available in 16mm.).

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.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PERSONALS

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LONELY GENTLEMAN seeks correspondence with young, attractive, independent, warmhearted lady. Box 944-D.

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2-19

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 779

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

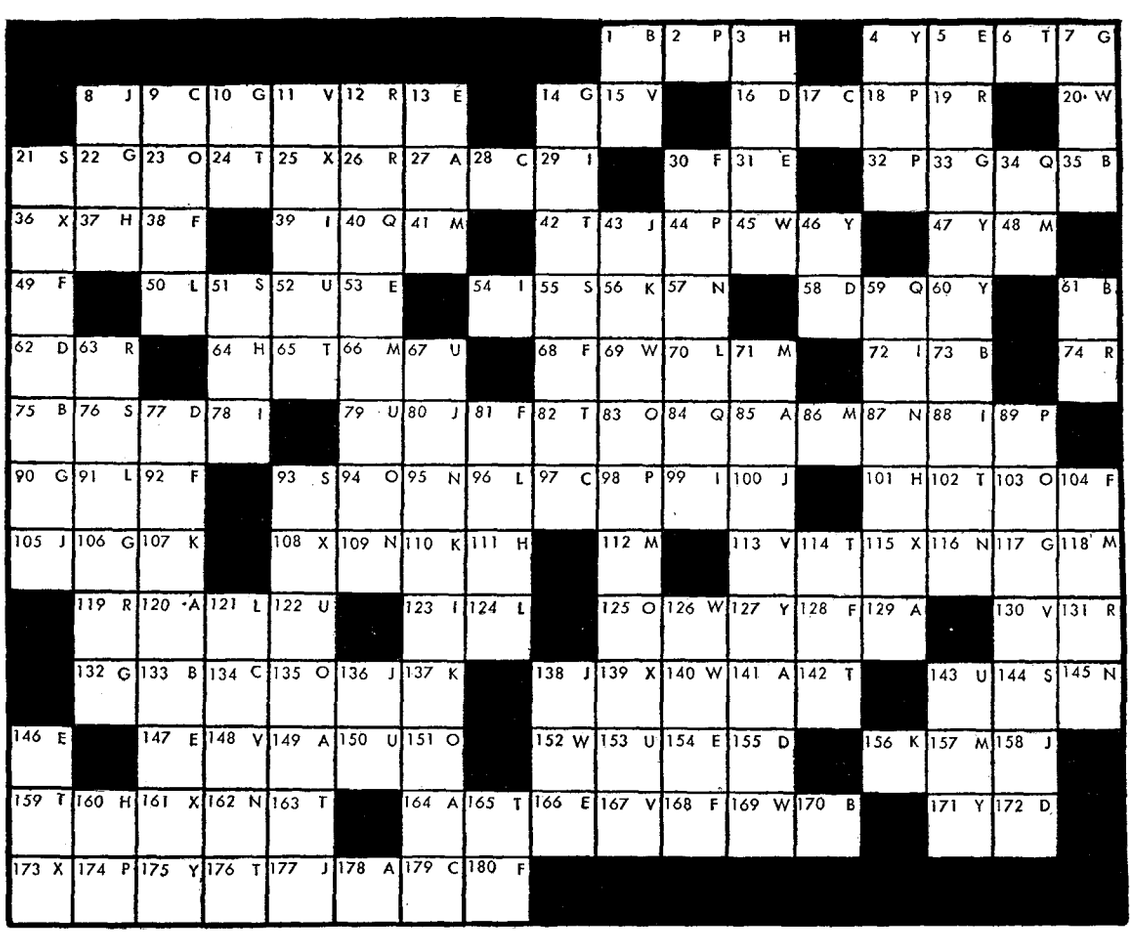
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Sensation, esp. rudimentary.	141 85 149 120 178 129 27 164
B. The branch of science that treats of muscles.	75 61 73 35 133 170 1
C. An excuse for not appearing in court at an appointed time (Eng. law).	9 179 134 17 97 28
D. The town on Long Island, N. Y., where Christopher Morley resides.	155 62 58 77 16 172
E. A great Sanskrit epic.	146 147 53 5 13 166 31 154
F. To thicken as by evcporation.	30 92 81 104 168 38 180 49 68 128
G. English artist and illustrator, esp. of children's books (1846-86).	90 10 132 14 117 22 33 106 7
H. American critic and essayist, now at Columbia Univ. (1893-).	64 37 3 160 101 111
I. Swiss-born U. S. financier and statesman; Sec'y of Treasury, 1802-14.	29 39 78 99 88 54 123 72
J. Place on the Thames in Surrey, where Magna Carta was signed, June 15, 1215, by King John.	8 80 136 177 100 138 105 158 43
K. Stage, esp. floor or story (Fr.).	56 110 156 137 107
L. Swindling (Sp. law).	121 96 124 70 50 91
M. Dank, venom-dripping hall in Niflheim (Norse myth.).	157 112 86 71 118 66 48 41
N. A cult among W. Indian Negroes akin to obeah.	87 57 145 162 109 95 116
O. Fifteenth letter of the Greek alphabet.	23 103 135 125 151 94 83
P. Freed from shackles.	174 44 98 2 18 89 32
Q. English clergyman and historian of the Puritans (1678-1743).	40 84 59 34
R. Middle name of American historian and essayist (1878-).	26 19 63 74 12 131 119
S. Nickname for the state of Arizona.	51 93 76 21 55 144
T. In a manner showing lack of concern.	82 6 159 102 24 42 176 114 65 165 163 142
U. English publisher whose bookstall was in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1744 (children's books).	122 153 67 79 150 52 143
V. The swastika.	148 167 11 113 15 130
W. Woman's suffrage leader (1820-1906).	20 140 45 69 126 169 152
X. A stout-bodied trout of the coastwise mountain streams of California.	115 36 161 25 173 139 108
Y. The infesting of any part of the body by fungi (med.).	127 60 4 47 46 171 175

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



FEBRUARY 26, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 28 of this issue.

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IMPRESSIONS

IN MOST categories, the "more abundant life" remains merely a promise of the politicians, but for the record collector—not to mention his long-suffering friend, the record dealer—that time is already at hand. To the two established producers of sizable musical works on records—RCA Victor and Columbia—the post-war era has added another: English Decca. Now the enterprise of Capitol in acquiring the Telefunken catalogue (page 63) promises to widen even further the choice of material available to the collector in search of the ideal "Eroica," the perfect "Schauspieldirektor" Overture.

I mention the "Eroica" because it is, in a Mengelberg reading, among the initial offerings on "Capitelefunken." Furtwängler has recently made one for HMV, which may eventually find its way on to the Red Seal of RCA, and it would be hardly surprising if Von Karajan didn't make one for Columbia. Bruno Walter's forthcoming Beethoven festival in New York could easily have like results. The odd fact is that the more record producers there are, the more complex is the choice of a purchase: for, in the old days, one knew that if Columbia produced something that RCA had made the year before there would be no further activity in that repertory for years to come. Now there is always the chance that from a cave in Bavaria someplace a version may turn up that was never heard of before.

However, of all the perplexities visited on the record buyer, this is one of the more delightful. We began by expressing a sympathy for the dealer in this time of dilemma and confusion. Let it be further noted that the more charitable buyers will not hold him rigorously to account if, now and then, he has only four of the "Eroicas" you are interested in, and lacks two of the available half dozen. Let the maxim be remembered that, anxious as the buyer is to make a purchase, the merchant is that much more eager to make a sale. "Treat your merchant kindly" is a watchword all of us might remember in these days of his travail.

—IRVING KOLODIN,
EDITOR, *SRL* RECORDINGS.

MARCH 1949

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The Saturday Review of Recordings

Leverkühn and the Magician

PETER YATES

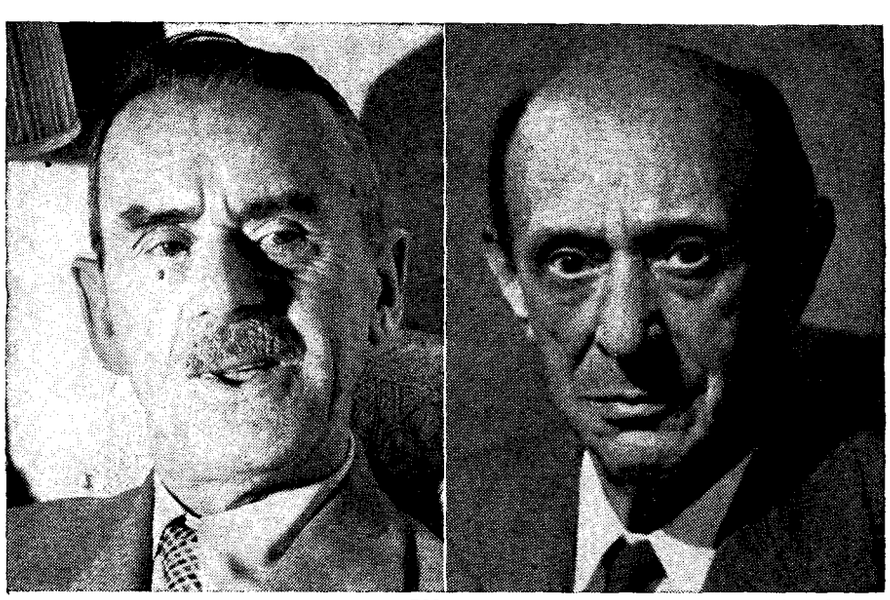
THOMAS MANN is a theoretical dialectician who casts his recurrent speculative enterprises in the form of novels, essays, speeches, and correspondence. He is a virtuoso word-player of ideas who deliberately models his literary technique in a musical style peculiarly German, using recurrent motival themes and symbols. A very conscious creator, he winds his discourse, in immense polyphonic melodies, about the roots of subjects which do not easily reveal themselves. Unlike Dostoievsky and Malraux—the dramatic dialecticians—he does not set into objective motion a set of living characters who fight out their battle of existence in our presence. His characters are more withdrawn; they appear to us by means of a narrator, whose concern for them is never at rest. How that narrator is Mann himself we shall soon see.

I have called Mann "a virtuoso word-player of ideas"; and in his most recent novel, "Doctor Faustus," as the readers of *SRL* [Oct. 30, 1948] are well aware, the subject is at last music, the protagonist is a composer, the body of ideas derived from that abstraction of thought which is, in many aspects, musical. Among others, Joseph Szigeti has attested in his autobiography, "With Strings Attached," the degree to which Mann's writing about music as an amateur can interest the professional. In "Doctor Faustus" Mann carries to completion that subtle art which uses words as a composer uses tones, sounding them separately, linking them as melodies, binding them into a harmonic complex, composing with them by thematic references, adding to them always the resonance of a vast eclectic information.

As readers of the *SRL* are also well aware, the subject matter of "Doctor Faustus" has occasioned one of the notable literary controversies of our time, in which our great neighbor and master Arnold Schönberg objected to the identification of Mann's protagonist with himself. Says Mann: "It does not seem supererogatory to inform the reader that the form of musical composition delineated in Chapter XXII, known as the twelve-tone or row system, is in truth the intellectual property of a contemporary composer and theoretician, Arnold Schönberg. I have transferred this technique in a certain ideational context to the fictitious figure of a musician, the tragic hero of my novel. In fact, the passages of this book that deal with musical theory are indebted in numerous details to Schönberg's 'Harmonielehre'."

Let us consider then the evolution of Mann's thought, and its bearing upon Schönberg. The reader is not given to forget that it is the author himself, upon the high sandals and behind the acoustical mask, who is declaiming the part of the narrator. He is the antagonist who exposes as he ironically recites the exalted motives of the hero. At his direction the allegorical fictions, the fates, the subsidiary personalities, weave the web of circumstances about the charmed protagonist. For it is the pleasure of Mann to deal only with such charmed personalities, men touched with genius or with grandeur who are still human and being human doomed to an accomplishment a little less—shall we say—conclusive or decisive, a trifle more ironically mundane than the great glow of painted sunlight in which we see them rise, strive for a long day of many pages, and then to some extent go down. Framing the daylight of Mann's illuminated world there is always night, darkness.

THE IRONIC art is often trifling and playful, seeming to make nothing of itself, as a virtuoso performer disposes of tones, so that what is to be most serious when it at last comes to us has already been presented in some slighter context. For example, the biological names of butterflies studied by a child recur in the first climax as an irresistible impulsion. And this climax is itself, like a climax in Seneca, not a scene but a narrative, a letter, containing in six pages the thematic re-



—PM. —*Alfred Carlson.*

Thomas Mann and Arnold Schönberg—". . . between these two artists . . . the unlifting fog of human partiality and ignorance."

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capitulation of more than six score pages of thematic preparation.

Mann does not allow this letter to explain itself but enlarges upon it in a thematic analysis which parodies, reveling in the virtuoso opportunity, the peculiar lingo of the program annotator. This is an art like that of Mahler—plus a little of Strauss's "Heldenleben"—endlessly speculative and interwoven, never more personal than in its comic high-flying, ironically restrained from ever reaching a conclusion.

An art like that of Mahler! Why then should not Mahler, the majestic profile remembered in "Death in Venice," be the subject, his world-haunted, abstract drama of religious experience the material of a book to deal, in Mahler-like expansiveness, with German thought and German music? Its cataclysm and breakup, which was to be Mann's veiled subject in "Doctor Faustus," had been in similar veiled manner the subject of Mahler's last completed symphony, his Ninth. But in describing Mahler the author might too closely pierce the veil of irony, twist on the spike thrust into the soft undercore—himself.

So Mann put on the plastic transparent mask of a scholar, a philologist; almost in homage to the Mahler of "The Song of the Earth" taking for a name the winking appelation, Serenus Zeitbloom: Untroubled Time-Flower. Seeking a nature less penetrable than his own, a Mahler in a shell, he conceived the young genius diverted to musical composition, Adrian Leverkühn. From him the rays of wisdom will refract, as Mann's art is happiest in refraction; he will be the "archaic-revolutionary schoolmaster." Having gone so far, or having come to it by this way, the identification of this figure with its model is congruent. Adrian Leverkühn: the A—Arnold, and the umlaut—Schönberg.

IN the quotation previously cited, we see how much Mann had unquestionably planned. That he was writing a book shaped in some sort around the life in art of the composer had been known for several years among the friends of Schönberg. It had been a grateful thought that the master of German letters should in his maturity ennoble the master of German music. But the name-shape and its undeniable reference opens many other questions. Disregarding the matter of propriety, how far may the reader go in approximating the character of Leverkühn to that of Schönberg?

This is not a question of biographical similarity. Mann has explicitly denied that "Doctor Faustus" is in any way a biography of Schönberg. It is an inspired treatise about the art, the conditions, the technique of music, gracefully draped—if with a trifle too much yardage—around a deeply felt narrative. Even this narrative is in effect a treatise. Like the previous novels of Mann, it unrolls in lyrical fashion, as if it were an immense ballad, the problem of the purely creative mind in dealing with the ineradicable evil of creation. Like a homunculus in a bottle, Adrian Leverkühn is studied in every aspect, not for himself alone but because upon him the author focuses the implications of his larger subject: the breakup of Germany in creatively inspired disease. For this truth, Mann avoids the dramatic conflict of the epic, preferring the psychological dream world of the fiction that reveals.

But is one to blame our great neighbor and master, if with all the eccentricity of which he is capable, he objected? The life of Arnold Schönberg is no fiction, certainly no dream world. To bounce the facts of his life off the hard core of his art one must deal in actual biography and criticism. His psychology is not a fiction; the long process of adaptation by which his art changed from its Wagnerian beginnings to maturity in the works of the fully-evolved twelve-tone technique can be documented and studied, rationally and esthetically defined. No compact with the devil, à la "Doctor Faustus," was needed. In writing about Schönberg, with whatever direct or indirect intention, Mann has fallen into the difficulty that many others have encountered in writing fiction upon the lives of Chopin, Schubert, Beethoven.

One might at first think it odd that Schönberg should object to being made the central figure, directly or indirectly, or more exactly "the real one" —as the author addressed him in an inscribed copy—of a novel by the Nobel Prize winner Thomas Mann. Yet how many outrageous fictions are not still the only general knowledge commonly used by annotators, commentators, writers of all sorts, even musicologists, to glorify and make interesting the character of even so great a creative prodigy as Beethoven? From such sources came the childish Mozart, the soft Chopin, the syrupy Schubert.

May not in the same way the mythical-fictive Leverkühn, who made compact with the devil and died at the devil's terms of a maddening venereal disease—though shaped, as the author tells us, around the life of Nietzsche and including besides something of the author's bisected self—become for all those antagonized by the music of Schönberg the excuse of their dislike, the justification of their objection? *Hetaera esmeralda,* the butterfly transformed, the betraying obsession, whose letters transliterated into a musical theme became fate in the mind of Leverkühn, stands in the way of Mann's most cordial, most generous protestations that thus it was not intended and it was not so done.*

WHATEVER is made in love to be loved cannot escape—though it live as long as any masterpiece of art—the hatred of those in whom what it is and does cannot inspire love. To tell truth in the large is to incur hate; and Schönberg, who divined in Mahler's Fifth Symphony "truthfulness, the most uncompromising truthfulness" has known such hatred as well as any artist of his long lifetime. That he should fear, for the sake of his art, the falsifying suggestiveness of Mann's obviously sincere and well-intended myth, is no cause for laughter or derision. Schönberg is right, and it remains only to add that Mann, within the scope of his intentions, is not therefore wrong.

For Mann, the protagonist of his novel, the unifying character-fiction, represents a confluence of many truths, of fiction, of myths larger than truth; things that being what they purport to be are not what they appear; appearances more tangible to the feeling mind than to the touch. The Joseph of his cycle is man, is Israel, is his father and grandfather; is God come to earth, the slain and the risen, and is not so; is merely the son of his father, who labored to earn the wife, the chosen woman, that he might recreate himself; and is, again, the provocative, too rational, too dreamy, too always-otherwise-than-other-men, boy Joseph, who tempts his brothers to do evil. They and his father and grandfather in their turn spiral into myth.

The figure of beauty, the figure of temptation is in "Doctor Faustus" the butterfly *hetaera esmeralda* who serves the devil. No, it is the essence of truth that Mann was writing an interlude, a comic play, between the tragedy and commonplace of present, ever-present life; he was not writing a biography of Schönberg. Sad it is that between these two artists, each profoundly in search of and laboring to possess in art profounder truth, there should fall like a retribution upon genius the fear of human misunderstanding, the unlifting fog of human partiality and ignorance.

Peter Yates is a West Coast musician and writer who has sponsored, for several years past, a series of musical soirées called "Evenings on the Roof." Many works of Schönberg, with whom he has studied, have been included.

*See the Schönberg-Mann letters in the January 1, 1949, issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

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On Being Phonogenic

GODDARD LIEBERSON

THE artist, led to the microphone for slaughter, presents a strange facade.

It is not, as you might suspect, with trembling hands, beaded brow, and faltering step that he approaches his fate; it is not a bleak moment of funereal despair—on the contrary, the ceremony of his first vis-à-vis meeting with a microphone more closely resembles a wedding. This is the moment for which he has waited; a planned, contracted, discussed, dreamed-of moment, and withal, a moment of supreme doubt. Is this a mistake after all? Is this microphone as attractive as she first seemed? What have we in common? So, it is with nervous smiles, bad jokes, and cold fingers, that the artist comes into the studio for the first time. Sometimes the bridegroom (to carry this metaphor to an unseasonable length) tears the flower from his lapel and rushes out of the room; but even if this happens, the wedding attendants know that he will be back, for the microphone, among other things, is irresistible, and offers the one chance for the performing artist to leave behind a goodly progeny.

Why the doubts and fears? The microphone is not a two-headed monster; and that, curiously enough, is one of the things wrong with it. For were it a two-headed monster, that would mean four ears, and as it happens, the microphone is a one-eared monster. One-eared, and therefore without perspective, without a sense of direction, and without a brain which would allow discrimination between what should be heard and what shouldn't. This makes the microphone a curiously eccentric, demanding, and uncompromising auditor, and the reasons are perhaps worth looking into.

If you are the kind of person who demands empirical proof, you might try the following: cover one ear and see what it does to your hearing. You will notice a loss of the sense of direction; sounds are not clearly classifiable and perspective has lost its sharpness. However, you are as yet ahead of the microphone because, I assume, your brain is still working—even though it may not appear so to anyone who is watching you walking around with one ear covered. The fact is that we hear an enormous amount of sound which the brain never registers, or, if it does, with a feebleness that makes them unimportant. Even while listening carefully we hear many more sounds than we want to hear, and thus, we must isolate for ourselves what is, for the moment, important. This was poignantly illustrated to me in my youth by my father who had, he told me, reduced my mother's really charming but somewhat continuous small talk to a constant murmur which left him free to consider more important things! This selectivity is not within the capacity of the brainless microphone, which offers us all of the sound reaching it. (By the way, you may uncover that other ear now, if you wish.)

Why then not use two microphones and more closely approximate human ears; since directivity is in part the result of multiple hearing? Well, that can be done, but it can't be done halfway. Viz. (to use a scientific term), you would require not only two microphones, but two separate lines leading through independent amplifiers to two speakers, and if, at any point, you went to one line, or one speaker, you'd lose the binaural effect. Even then, it would not be perfect, for the two channels (binaurality) are just a step towards a more desirable polyaurality. Furthermore, the room in which you hear the recorded music should in every way duplicate the room (that is, the studio) in which the music is recorded, so that the reverberation characteristics of each are the same. This, as you can see, would call for some rather expensive remodeling in your home, so I think that for the moment we'd better drop our polyaural plans. (One reminder: No matter how many microphones are used in a studio, the basic problem remains as long as those microphones are fed into *one* receiving channel.)

Let us admit then that the microphone offers us some problems. But what about it? Would photographic reality be desirable? Something like that was achieved with the player-piano of years back and I do not remember it as being a particularly inspiring artistic experience. Nor are the best paintings described (except by the naive) as being "so lifelike that you'd think you were looking at a photograph." Maybe we'd be better off considering a phonograph record as a special product which is the result of a special technique with artistic qualities of its own, rather than attempt to reproduce what cannot be reproduced except with a mountainous amount of electrical equipment. In any case, there is not much choice. The phonograph record is a special product, and the artists who come to recognize that point eventually become the most successful record makers and are, in a true sense, phonogenic.

Accepting the microphone for what it is, we can realistically consider the problem facing the musical artist who makes records. First of all, precision is much more acceptable to a microphone than emotion, and this fact has led some to the specious conclusion that precision is the most important quality in records. Of course, that is not so; any more than it is so in a concert hall. Precision is desirable, yes, but not to the exclusion of anything else. Moreover, precision, to the microphone, does not mean the absence of wrong notes; it means

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exactitude of pitch and of time values. The microphone has its own concept of speed. I have noticed many times that slow passages sound slower on records than they do in the concert hall. (No doubt the absence of visual distraction has something to do with this.) Speed in playing, on the other hand, can be bad on a record if the microphone is unable to absorb the reverberation sound between notes; the result then is a blur of sound, and the artist's precision comes to naught. Yet precise attention to detail counts for much, particularly if large orchestras are involved. The microphone exposes faults in musical performances that would never be heard in the concert hall.

The experienced conductor for records, or at least a conductor who takes record making to be a special division of his activities, leaves nothing to chance. He will do very little on-the-spot experimenting, and will know by the time he comes to the recording session what he wants in the way of sound, and for the most part how to get it. Experience will help; for it is important to know while you are in the studio what approximately is going on to the record, and the only way to know this is through some knowledge of the limitations under which you are working. These limitations are not oppressive, but they are limitations and should be known as such by those who work in records. (I must pause to make a correction here: these are the things that should be known by the recording director, but it helps if the artist himself knows the limits that the recording director must impose.) The chief of these limitations is a restricted volume range. Happily, with the development of surface-noiseless records and new techniques, this particular restriction is becoming less and less onerous, but in general it is not possible for a record to hold the greatest possible *forte* or the greatest possible *pianissimo*. The artist may ignore this fact if he wishes, but then it will be necessary for the engineer under the direction of the recording director to suppress the extremely loud passages and increase the extremely low passages. Since that is a mechanical procedure, it seems to me more musical if the artist himself knows the limitations and works within them.

In dealing with the microphone, one is always faced with a number of conflicts which can be settled only by what appears to be occasional compromises. Not just for the reasons given above, but for a number of vagaries to which a microphone is subject, such as changing humidity, or temperature. But is it really compromise? I don't think so. Any more than it is compromise to say that you cannot play a violin part on a double bass or that a cello cannot play below a low C.

This brings us to a point which is very important in record making. In the concert hall, it is necessary for the artist to project; in some cases, the further away you are from the point of projection, the sweeter the tone you will hear. You will not be aware of the mechanics of music making, and you will hear a tone enriched by its absorption of the tonal characteristics of the hall. In the recording studio, the artist must restrict this projection, for nothing sounds quite so bad through a microphone as a forced or over-projected tone. On the other hand, subtlety does not always come off, and it is necessary to be somewhat over-expressive.

The artist should be able to recognize what constitutes a good sound or even a good performance when he hears the playbacks of his recordings, which is much more difficult than appears. This can be understood by remembering that a photograph of ourselves is more often a surprise than a confirmation of what our concept had been, in spite of our everyday contact with mirrors. It is much more difficult to know how we sound, as many artists—among them the greatest in the world—have learned upon hearing a playback at a recording session. Some are shocked, some are pleased, depending upon the ego of the individuals involved. Some artists have a preconceived idea of how they sound and hear only that sound on the record, no matter what comes out. But more difficult is the artist whose inner ear has told him that he sounds a certain way. He is the one who looks, unsuccessfully, to the record for a reproduction of a sound which exists only in his imagination.

Have I painted too bleak a picture for the artist who makes records? Perhaps. Because when he enters the recording studio, the artist is presumably in the hands of experts. But we are all in the hands of experts in nearly all of our human activities; even when we go to the barber shop to get a haircut. And, as in the barber shop, there is always that moment when the barber holds up the mirror to our neck to show us a bare expanse of chalk-like skin ending in a badly curved line halfway up our skull. There is little comfort now in knowing that we have been in the hands of an "expert"; and it is too late to say, "I wish I'd told him not to take so much off the back."

Goddard Lieberson, vice president of Columbia Records, Inc. (in charge of Masterworks), speaks of the problems of recording as one, in his own phrase, much-married to the microphone. His feeling, thus, for the artist is one of compassion rather than disparagement.

My Favorite Records

Max Ascoli, longtime anti-Fascist, dean at the New School for Social Research, and author of "The Power of Freedom," admits to being "a stuffed shirt" in matters musical. Regretfully, even penitently, he advises us that no moderns would figure on his list of favorites. But just so that he will not be put completely beyond the pale, Mr. Ascoli adds, "I do, however, love Neapolitan songs, the postwar 'Monastero a Santa Chiara' for instance."

BACH: *"Come Sweet Death." Pablo Casals.*

BACH: *"Bist du bei mir." Elisabeth Schumann.*

BACH: *B minor Mass. The Robert Shaw recording.*

BEETHOVEN: *"Kreutzer" Sonata. The Menuhins.*

BEETHOVEN: *Violin Concerto. Heifetz and the NBC Orchestra under Toscanini.*

BEETHOVEN: *Opus 130 Quartet. Busch Quartet.*

HANDEL: *"Water Music" Suite. Harty and the London Philharmonic.*

MONTEVERDI: *Nadia Boulanger collection of madrigals.*

MOZART: *Quartet for Flute and Strings in A, K.298. René Le Roy and Pasquier Trio.*

MOZART: *Piano Quartet in E flat, K.493. Hortense Monath and Pasquier Trio.*

VERDI: *Requiem Mass. The Rome recording. Serafin conducting.*

VERDI: *"Pace, pace" and "Addio del passato." Claudia Muzio.*

VIVALDI: *"The Four Seasons." Molinari and the Santa Cecilia Orchestra.*

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Chopin: "Preludes" Artur Rubinstein, Pianist. *Victor Album DV-24.*

Dvorak: "Symphony No. 5 in E Minor" ("New World"). Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra. *Victor Album DV-25.*

"Four Operatic Arias," Jan Peerce with RCA Victor Orchestra. *Victor Album VO-22.*

"Gingerbread Boy and Chicken Licken," Frank Luther. *Decca Children's Set CU-110.*

"Goldilocks and the Three Bears," Ted Cott and Henry Sylvern. *Caravan Record C-11.*

Haydn: "Symphony No. 88 in G Major" (B&H No. 13). The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. *Columbia Record ML4109.*

"Jack and the Beanstalk," Ted Cott and Henry Sylvern. *Caravan Record C-12.*

Kostelanetz Conducts: "Stardust;" "Blues in the Night;" "St. Louis Blues;" "Manhattan Serenade;" "Sophisticated Lady;" "Solitude;" "Mood Indigo;" "Stormy Weather;" "When Day Is Done;" Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra. *Columbia Record ML4107.*

"Marche Slav," Op. 31 and "Sleeping Beauty Waltz," Op. 66 by Tschaikowsky. The Chicago Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Henry Weber. *Silvertone Record No. 65.*

Mendelssohn: "His Story and His Music. *Vox Album 253.*

Mozart: "His Story and His Music." *Vox Album 251.*

Mr. Rumple Bumple Series—"Sally the Seal" and "Prudence the Possum." *Packaged Programs Album 4.*

Mr. Rumple Bumple Series—"Gerry the Giraffe" and "Chessie the Cat." *Packaged Programs Album 5.*

"Prelude"—Lohengrin Act III and "Grand March"—Tannhauser by Wagner. The Chicago Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Henry Weber. *Silvertone Record No. 62.*

Ravel: "Bolero." Andre Kostelanetz conducting the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra of Philadelphia. Rossini: "William Tell—Overture." Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra. *Columbia Record ML2009.*

Ravel: "Le Tombeau de Couperin." Minneapolis Symphony. Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor. *Columbia Record ML2032.*

Schubert: "His Story and His Music." *Vox Album 254.*

Strauss Waltzes including "Emperor Waltz," "Voices of Spring," "Artists' Life," "Southern Roses," "You and You," and "Vienna Life." *Silvertone Album.*

"What Are Stars?"—Dramatized Story with Sound Effects. *Decca Children's Set CU-112.*

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Reviews of the Month

Pairs dominate the record issues of the month—contemporary song cycles (Vaughan Williams and Poulenc), Beethoven chamber music (the A major cello sonata and the D major trio), Tchaikovsky orchestral works (the Third Symphony and "Francesca da Rimini"), Verdi operas ("Forza" and "Aida") even excerpts from "Carmen." More singular are a Haydn violin concerto, a Fauré piano quartet, and especially a volume of double-bass solos by Koussevitzky. Michelangeli playing Marescotti also introduces two new names.

Song Cycles, English and French

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *"On Wenlock Edge." Peter Pears, tenor, with Benjamin Britten, piano, and the Zorian Quartet.* (EDA album 67, $3.75.)

POULENC: *"Metamorphoses"; "Le Bestaire." Pierre Bernac, baritone, with Francis Poulenc, piano.* (RCA Victor 12-0426, $1.25.)

The art of the beautiful song—or the beauty of the art song—is fortunately one musical talent which still flourishes in this epoch of other musical impoverishment. Separated by some miles of water, and more of temperament, Vaughan Williams and Poulenc are nevertheless united by a sensitivity to poetry, a response to words in terms of music which preserve some noble traditions, both in their own lands and in the whole realm of music.

"Wenlock Edge," it seems to me, was once available in a limited edition sponsored by the *Gramophone* (an English magazine), but it has long been unavailable, and was in any case no performance of this quality. Pears's suitability to the material is almost as complete as it is to that written for him by Britten; his ability to form tones and syllables as part of a single physical act an embellishment of any composer's effort. Thus what is heard is as much Housman as Vaughan Williams, and in total superb. It is rather pointless to cite one song as superior to another in a work of this rounded excellence. However, as a sample side, No. 3 ("Is My Team Ploughing?") should be convincing for anyone in doubt about an investment. Britten, at the piano, and the Zorian Quartet do their work with high skill.

Poulenc's Pierre Bernac is as much a natural interpreter for "Metamorphoses" as Pears is for "Wenlock Edge." Their methods are wholly different—the Bernac voice, for one thing, is a triumph of will over lack of material—but the artistic results are similarly inclusive. Three songs to a single twelve-inch side hardly suggest much sustained mood in any-

Pierre Fournier — ". . . refinement and almost surgical control."

one, but the second of the set, "C'est ainsi que tu es," is a little masterpiece both of suggestive melodic line and subtle exposition of it. With it is the famous "Le Bestaire" to the lines of Apollinaire, with each section gravely announced by Bernac. Poulenc, of course, is his own insuperable interpreter at the piano. This disc is of English origin, though not so labeled.

Let There Be Light

AUBER: *Overtures to "Masaniello," "Fra Diavolo," "Crown Diamonds," and "Bronze Horse." Arthur Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra.* (RCA Victor album 1274, $6.)

COATES: *"London" and "London Again." The New Symphony Orchestra conducted by the composer.* (London album 46, $7.35.)

One of the things which ties the melomaniac to his enthusiasm is the sheer variety of pleasures contained in the gamut of music—greater, I'd say, than in any other form of art. Of course, it is necessary that one have the kind of mind that can accept Eric Coates as of the genus composer no less than Beethoven; but if it be granted that "Knightsbridge" is as fine a march as the C sharp minor is a string quartet, what more need be said?

As a fairly recent convert to Coates—I played these records first, as I play any product of English Decca, to discover what new wonders had been impressed into their grooves—I am likely to be accused of trumpeting the news that Chaplin is quite a comedian. One minute of "Mayfair," and my attention had been captured; by the time I was through with "Langham Place" and the prideful "Knightsbridge" I was ready to send out for "The Three Elizabeths," "The Three Bears," and any other things Coates had written, in threes or not. So far they haven't come, but it seems to me that a learned study of Coates is in order, tracing the relation, say, of "Sleepy Lagoon" to "Cinderella." One thing is certain: he should conduct all his music himself, for he is a master hand at putting its gaiety perfectly at ease in the symphony orchestra, rendering its sentiment without a trace of apology.

The kind of light music that shines from the Auber discs is quite another sort: less superficial, more penetrating, another reflection of national character as noted elsewhere this month in a contrast of Poulenc and Vaughan Williams. In the big brassy style of the 1830's somewhere between Boieldieu and Rossini, Meyerbeer and Offenbach, these overtures are dazzling still for their swagger and dash, their clearcut motives and confident orchestration. Confident? A better word would be defiant. Fiedler has gauged their spirit to the last fermata, and rendered those who include Auber in their musical gamut no less than Zandonai a lasting service with the precision, breadth, and aliveness of his interpretations. The recording is a little sharp in contrasts, but impressive on an adequate instrument.

Middle Period Beethoven

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata in A, Opus 69. Pierre Fournier, cello, and Artur Schnabel, piano.* (RCA Victor album 1231, $4.75.)

BEETHOVEN: *Trio in D, Opus 70, No. 1. Adolf Busch, violin, Hermann Busch, cello, and Rudolf Serkin, piano.* (Columbia album 804, $4.75.)

This will introduce Fournier to most Americans, though a limited number heard him on a recent tour, his first. Those who did will attest that the refinement and almost surgical control of his playing are no microphone creation, but as conspicuous in the concert hall as they are on records. In un-

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dertaking this work Fournier is challenging some illustrious names—Feuermann, with Myra Hess, for one pair; Casals, with Schulhoff, for another. (I also remember an even older version by Felix Salmond, which was of high excellence.)

It is a measure of Fournier's stature as a cellist that he sustains such comparison without serious embarrassment. His tone is not so rich as Feuermann's, his musicianship not so profound as Casals, nor his virtuosity so notable as Salmond's at its best, but he is—in the aggregate—a very fine cellist, a modest, devoted interpreter, and an artist of high standards. In this collaboration he is somewhat overwhelmed by Schnabel, leaving no doubt with the listener who the Beethoven specialist in this ensemble is. However, there is much deft and keenly organized playing here of a work which, to my mind, is the most consistently listenable any composer ever wrote for this pair of instruments. The recording, of English origin, is excellent.

Short of antiquated versions revolving around such persons as Elly Ney and Alfredo Casella as pianists, a new version of the Trio need be an improvement merely on the unbalanced one of the Menuhins and Maurice Eisenberg, cellist, to be a boon of the first order. The brothers Busch are not my idea of the surest virtuosi to whom such a task might be entrusted, but together with Serkin they share a conception of the work which is strong without being aggressive, learned without being pedantic. The string tone roughens a bit now and then, and false intonation is an ever-present threat—rarely realized, incidentally—but the pulse of the music is conveyed; in the crucial slow movement (to which the work owes its name of "Geister") quite eloquently. The recording, especially of the piano, is excellent.

Big and Little Tchaikovsky

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 3 in D ("Polish"). Sir Thomas Beecham directing the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* (RCA Victor album 1279, $7.25.)

TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Francesca da Rimini" Fantasy. Leopold Stokowski conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia album 806, $4.75.)

Based on the relative celebrity of these two works, it should follow that the Fantasy would answer to the larger adjective, the obscure symphony to the smaller. However, I have never found "Francesca da Rimini"

(*Continued on page 57*)

Verdi in the Italian Manner

VERDI: *"La Forza del Destino." Caniglia, Stignani, Masini, Tagliabue, with Turin Radio Orchestra conducted by Marinuzzi.* (Cetra-Soria albums 102, $35.12)

VERDI: *"Aida." Caniglia, Stignani, Gigli, Bechi, Pasero, with Rome Opera House Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Serafin.* (RCA Victor albums C 119, $22)

TWO OF Verdi's greatest operas —as recorded in Italy—are available for release this month: "La Forza del Destino" (Cetra-Soria) and "Aida" (RCA Victor). Although the recordings employ many of the same singers, "La Forza del Destino" is far superior in performance to his "Aida."

Most operas lose in effectiveness when deprived of their scenery and costumes; but the physical action of "La Forza del Destino" at best is so confused and rambling that it is somewhat of a relief to concentrate on the music as Verdi wrote it and to eliminate the endless stage waits and shifts of locale that are to be found in the plot. "La Forza del Destino" makes for good phonograph listening; and a reconsideration of Verdi's score will show that the composer was at the peak of his melodic genius when he wrote it.

The music of this opera is all fire, from one end to another. Stirring arias and concerted numbers alternate with superb ensembles—all on the same level of intensity. The instrumentation has its own character—darkly Spanish —that complements the dramatic scheme and adds a strange, coloristic richness to the score. During a performance in the theatre—owing to the length and diffuseness of "La Forza"—one must inevitably overlook the byways of this opera for the main-line episodes such as the Overture, Leonora's famous "Pace, Pace," the baritone-tenor duet, "Solenne in quest' ora," or Preziosilla's celebrated "Rataplan." But in the leisure period required by a full playing of the "Forza" set, one can find time—particularly with a copy of the score in hand —to discover many more beauties than are accessible in any live performance.

—*The Bettmann Archive.*

Verdi — "a technique to be found nowhere else."

Consider, for example, Leonora's magnificent first act aria, "Me pellegrina ed orfana," generally overlooked by the operatic public—coming as it does directly after the rise of the curtain—or her ensuing duet with Alvaro; re-examine the amazingly fluid construction of the scene at the inn or of the encampment episode, in both of which Verdi uses a technique to be found nowhere else in Italian opera nor, for that matter, in any other Western work: the Russian concept of basing an entire scene upon fragmentary appearances of principal and secondary characters interspersed with movements of the crowd. For one of the high points of the opera, listen carefully to the ending of the Inn Scene in which—whirling at full speed before us—the musical figures previously associated with Preziosilla, Don Carlo di Varga, and the rustic crowd in the courtyard are manipulated and merged by Verdi with the symphonic skill of a Berlioz. And yet, when "La Forza del Destino" was last performed in New York, this very page of the score was cut!

Fortunately, the Cetra-Soria recording is of maximum artistic caliber. The Turin Radio Orchestra, directed by the late Gino Marinuzzi, contributes playing of the highest order. Nothing is wanting in tone, intensity, climactic grandeur or, when it is required, fine-grained intimacy. The surfaces of the records are perfect.

The cast that has been assembled is an outstanding one. Maria Caniglia, in best voice, offers an exceptional Leonora. Her ravishing quality, her range of dynamics from a spun-gold pianissimo to a full-throated forte are beyond praise. If the artist were less impassioned, she might not have produced certain mechanical blemishes of tone—which, for this reviewer, are mere flyspecks in a noble reading of the part, thrillingly sung.

Galliano Masini, known to Ameri-

(*Continued on page 59*)

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Recordings Reports on Classical Releases

See Page 65 for Pop Releases

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bishop: "Lo, Here the Gentle Lark." Lily Pons, soprano. Columbia 72752, $1.25.	Miss Pons sings Bishop's exercise in agility as well as it deserves, Dell'Acqua's "Villanelle," on the other side, no better than it merits. Good recording enhances the singer's smallish sound in the first of these, but the production of the second is unpleasantly constricted. The accompaniments are ably directed by husband, Andre K.
Bizet: "Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante" ("Carmen"). Eleanor Steber, soprano, with orchestra directed by Walter Susskind. RCA Victor 12-0690, $1.25.	Another of the brilliant records made by the American soprano during a visit to England last summer. Both this and the overside "Depuis le jour" foreshadow the growth in confidence and style which have been evident in her recent appearances here. Wonderful clarity of sound in each and charming artistry. Excellent recording.
Bizet: "Parlé-moi de ma Mère" ("Carmen"). Florence Quartararo, soprano, and Ramon Vinay, tenor. Orchestra directed by Jean Paul Morel. RCA Victor 12-0687, $1.25.	Morel deserves better vocal material than this with which to demonstrate his abilities as a conductor. Quartararo is a little shrill for this scene of Micaela in the first act, and Vinay's José is dark doings for the "yellow sunlight" Nietzsche saw in this score. Spacious recording.
Chabrier: "Habanera." Orchestra directed by Jean Paul Morel. RCA Victor 12-0769, $1.25.	In preparation for its campaign against "pre-selection," RCA here works off two of the most strangely pre-selected items to come our way recently. With the rather pleasant Chabrier piece is a "Nun's Chorus" from "Casanova," a pastiche of Johann Strauss assembled by Benatzky. It introduces Anni Strind, a soprano of both lyric and coloratura talents, who sings the familiar waltz strain with great charm. Why she is doing it with a nun's chorus is an abiding puzzle. No conductor is specified.
Fauré: Quartet in G minor (No. 2). Belgian Piano Quartet. English Decca album 74, $9.	My inclination would be to enthuse about this work (not to be confused with the first of Fauré's quartets, which has been recorded previously), for additions to the chamber music literature are always welcome. However, I find it shadowy in substance, excessively post-Franckian even for Fauré. The performance is in every way a skilled one, though of the players only M. Gazelle (probably the Marcel Gazelle who was Menuhin's accompanist for a time) is known to me. Fine suave sounding strings, resonant piano.
Haydn: *Divertimento.* William Primrose, violist, with David Stimer, piano. RCA-Victor, 12-0689, $1.25.	Pertinent data is lacking, but this is, to my ears, the same work previously recorded by Piatigorsky, who is credited with the transcription. The attractive patterns are thoroughly suited to the wiles of Primrose, who plays them beautifully.
Marescotti: "Fantasque." Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, piano. RCA Victor 12-0736, $1.25.	The B side of this pairing, "Fantasque," is both a more unusual piece and better played than the Granados E minor "Spanish Dance" (No. 5, "Andaluza") with which it is offered. Michelangeli's astonishing fingers make palatable fare of this viand, which is more than a pianistic pot-boiler. (Despite the modern sound of the writing, Marescotti is close on sixty, say the books).
Massenet: "La Vierge." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic. RCA Victor 12-0688, $1.25.	What Beecham sees in this sugary meditation (beyond the suggestions of the title, "The Last Sleep of the Virgin") is not clarified by the performance. Perhaps this should have been paired with the waltzing nuns above for proper repertory purposes. However, it draws the Scherzo from the Mendelssohn "Octet," of which there are already *four* orchestral versions. This one adds winds and brass to the strings usually favored. The playing is standard Beecham, wizard style.
Milhaud: "La Boeuf sur le toit." Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the Minneapolis Orchestra. Columbia album MX-308, $3.50.	A fragrant memento of the distortion days of the immediate post-War I period, when any tune sounded good if it was played in seconds, or dissonantly with another. Good piece of historical enlightenment, but not of much interest otherwise. Mitropoulos may or may not conduct it well: the style of writing plus the thinness of the recording make a judgment merely guesswork.
Moniuszko: "Halka" excerpts. Artists and chorus of the Warsaw Opera. Dana album 3, $4.70.	Likable enough music, of the Smetana "Bartered Bride" persuasion (though more than a decade earlier), and adequately sung by a cast including Matylda Polinska-Lewicka, soprano, and Mieczyslaw Salecki, tenor. However, the recording sounds old, of limited fidelity, and the poor surfaces are further compromised by off-center pressings resulting in pitch wobbles. The album includes five ten-inch discs.
Mozart: Symphony in E flat (No. 39). George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia album 801, $4.75.	Clean, straightforward playing, rhythmically incisive, musically alert. It is not notable for buoyance or emotional illumination, but it is better sounding, more valuable in sum than the older Beecham or Walter editions. I prefer more resonance in strings and winds than is heard in their reproduction here. However, the balance is good.
Ponchielli: "L'amo come il fulgor del creato" ("La Gioconda"). Gina Cigna, soprano, and Cloe Elmo, contralto. Ugo Tansini conducting. Cetra 25029, $2.62.	Supercharged dramatic singing by two qualified exponents of the manner. Neither is the best vocalization by the singers on records—too much tremolo for that. However, Elmo's shaping of the big phrase is something to hear. A duet from "Adrianna Lecouvreur" is the partner. Plenty of power in the recordings.
Wagner: "In fernem land" ("Lohengrin"). Set Svanholm, tenor, with Frieder Weissman conducting. RCA Victor 12-0691, $1.25.	Svanholm begins this promisingly enough, but the climax finds him straining for top tones in too typical heldentenor style. Its partner "Höchstes Vertrau'n" (also from Act III of "Lohengrin") is a less common separate excerpt, but it does not suit Svanholm's non-lyric style any better. Open resonant reproduction, a little empty in background for choice results. —Irving Kolodin.

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The Basic Record Library—Mozart: Instrumental Works

MISCELLANEOUS

Cassations

In B flat, K.99. See Imports.

Deutsche Tänze

Nos. 1-3, K.605. A treat indeed for anyone to whom these spirited pieces are unknown. Bruno Walter directs the Vienna Philharmonic with appropriate affection, particularly the little masterpiece with sleigh bells (RCA Victor).

Divertimenti

In D, K.131. See Imports.

In E flat, K.166. See Imports.

In F, K.247. Neither the best of Mozart nor of Ormandy, it is an enterprise that merits a return to the catalogue, as better than no Mozart at all (RCA Victor).

In D, K.251. A recent issue by Alexander Schneider and the Dumbarton Oaks Orchestra (Mercury) was attractive enough as performance, rather less as a recording. Even less favored was a version directed by Henri Nosco (Royale), not as well played, and more drearily reproduced. See Imports.

In B flat, K.270. See Imports.

In B flat, K.287. Masterful playing of the prominent violin part, done ten years ago to the accompaniment directed by Max Goberman, is still worth hearing, as a recent check attested. A minus factor, however, is the dull recording, with Szigeti too close to the microphone (Columbia). A better recording, done more in the chamber-music spirit, was an RCA-sponsored Fiedler Sinfonietta version which has passed in limbo, or its Camden equivalent.

In D, K.334. Outmoded reproduction of a spritely, technically good performance by the Lener Quartet and the horn-playing Brains, Aubrey and Dennis. Jeno Lener's violin lords it over his associates, perhaps in tribute to the regal qualities of the music; but the invention and art of Mozart are durable enough to resist even this mal-emphasis. Among its attractions are the most famous minuet Mozart ever wrote—even more so than those of "Don Giovanni" or the E flat Symphony—noted, in most arrangements merely as "Minuet: Mozart."

Minuets

In D, etc., K.176. A brace of twelve brief pieces written for a Salzburg festivity of 1770. Pure dance rhythms, but varied in ideas and execution, played with lilt and rhythmic grace under the direction of Edvard Fendler. Not too much can be said for the recording, however, which is heavy in total sound and blurry in detail. As material, however, it is much worth investigating (Vox).

In D, K.239. Handy work by Erich Leinsdorf, dating from his Cleveland days (Columbia).

Rondos

In D, K.382. Choice work by Edwin Fischer, at the keyboard, and also conducting his chamber ensemble. Like too many other performances of this fine artist, however, it is no longer listed in the RCA catalogue.

In A, K.386. Something scintillant, originally intended for the A major (No. 12, K.414) Piano Concerto, preserved in its separate form by Eileen Joyce, piano, and the painstaking Clarence Raybould. Once included in the Decca catalogue (the 25000 series), it is now to be found only by trial and error.

In C, K.373. An uncommon piece of Mozartiana, for violin solo and orchestra, not to be encountered in the concert hall. Jean Pougnet is the excellent instrumentalist, G. Walter (not to be confused with the rather better known B. Walter) the conductor. A good specimen of French string recording which once adorned the Columbia catalogue but is no longer to be found there.

Sextet

In F. K.522. This is the celebrated "Musikalischer Spass," or "Musical Joke," for string quartet and two horns in its all-recorded version by RCA which has been allowed to go out of print. Probably the masters of this musical gold have been retired, Fafner-like, to some Victor version of Fort Knox. If the phonograph is not for the preservation of such values, once they have been recorded, what is it for? "Perfume Set to Music," no doubt.

IMPORTS

Many of the works recorded abroad in these categories are merely entries in the catalogues, having been of war or prewar origin in Germany and not yet processed for sale again. Some of the most interesting, however, can be found in discs of French origin including the Cassations noted at the beginning of this survey. They are played with lightness and charm under the direction of Ferdinand Oubrados, famous as a bassoon virtuoso, on two twelve-inch L'Oiseau Lyre records. Then there are the engaging Divertimenti of K.Anh. 229 and 229a, played by the Trio D'Anches of Paris. Originally for two basset horns (clarinets) and bassoon, they have been arranged by Oubrados for clarinet, oboe, and bassoon with ingratiating results.

In the second of them, particularly, the three instruments engage in a contest of virtuosity which passes the intricate theme among them in thoroughly delightful fashion. L'Oiseau Lyre recording is not breathtaking in realism, but it is clean, well balanced, and without conspicuous blemish of any sort. Something here, indeed, for the collector who simply has "everything."

Other Divertimenti of French origin can be found in the Discophiles Français catalogue, performed by the Hewitt Ensemble. They apply themselves to the E flat, K.375, and the C minor, K.388, with rather more subtlety than their American counterparts. The sound of the wind instruments is typically French, with the stream of sound controlled to a hairsbreath of perfection. Recording is first class, though not notably resonant. Also to be recommended with enthusiasm is a version of the chattering woodwind and brass Divertimento in B flat, K.270, done with high art by six virtuosi from Copenhagen on HMV. Older, and less interesting as recordings, are the versions of the D major, K.131, and E flat, K.166: the first in the Anthologie Sonore collections, the second on Odéon under Oubrados. I am advised that the Hans von Benda (D major, K.251) set is worth owning, but the Polydor discs are not now available.

—I. K.

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Report on LP: The Question of Wear

WHATEVER other improvements have been made in the quality of records in the last two decades, the phonograph has been weak in the short duration of playing time—limited to about four and one-half minutes to the usual twelve-inch side. For every additional two inches of diameter, at standard rates of speed, an additional minute of sound can be obtained, a fact which tempted naive manufacturers of three decades ago to hide the weakness of their product by increasing the diameter of discs. They achieved discs of fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, and even eighteen inches, with a maximum duration of almost eight minutes, and a near-maximum in breakage, warpage, and difficulties of storage and manipulation. Diameter was then prudently set back to twelve inches.

A hardy project undertaken in England in the mid-1920's, by which the duration of a twelve-inch disc was extended fivefold through the use of recordings synchronized to a constantly accelerating turntable, expired after the issuance of an ambitious and erratic catalogue had whetted public curiosity. A pity, for in confronting problems of manufacture too formidable for its resources, the World Record Company had emphasized the possibility of constant linear optimum speed in the unrolling of sound from records, and called attention to the embarrassed acoustical mechanics inherent in conventional discs.

Victor's method was less radical. During the Great Depression this label appeared on records capable of playing about fifteen minutes a side, accomplished by the use of a turntable of 33 1/3 rpm and a groove somewhat narrower than customary. The Fifth Symphony could be imprisoned in such a record, without unscored pauses, and was; but it could not escape, since in omitting the pauses RCA Victor had omitted bass and treble too. The public's response was not widespread, but it was profane; and the manufacturers quietly stifled their barbarous offspring. The case for a long-playing record staggered under this load of ignominy for a dozen years.

In bringing out last year a long-playing record with superficial resemblances to the old, Columbia showed courage and enterprise. Nothing of the sort* had been attempted in the interval, and the public might reasonably respond to 33 1/3 rpm with a reminiscent shudder. A second fiasco could suppress such discs forever, and if the records did not present reproductional qualities comparable to the average of 78 rpm discs, there could be no doubt that the fiasco would ensue. It is the object of this survey to show how the LP records compare with the standards now regarded as adequate.

Most important are the range of cyclic frequency and the dynamic compass. In general it may be said that in these respects the LP's at their best

are superior to their simultaneously recorded 78 rpm equivalents, at their worst are much less satisfactory. More precise conclusions will be offered in a later part of this survey: the question of durability is of more immediate concern.

This is because the resistance to wear of the LP's has been impugned in some quarters, and obviously if they are markedly deficient in this respect they are worthless. Tests were made by the writer to determine how much deterioration LP discs show after many playings. Beethoven's Opus 132 Quartet and Fourth Concerto were played on a 33 1/3 rpm turntable checked for accuracy, with a .001 osmium point exerting a pressure of about ¼ oz. This was the minimum pressure that could be used on the Concerto without the point's bouncing from the grooves at some heavy passages. The turntable was checked against a spirit-level, and was re-examined, for speed and pressure, from time to time during the tests.

LP records are made only of Vinylite, and those used were fairly smooth, with little hiss or scratch. Approximately one playing in five was amplified and actually heard through a speaker. After fourteen playings a slight blenching was visible in heavy passages near the circumference of the Concerto, but no alteration of sound was audible. Comparison with the relative point on the 78 rpm record showed this to have an equivalent blenching after six or seven playings. At thirty-one playings the writer heard uncertainty at this point, suggesting that for three notes the orchestra was exploding into its components; but this difficulty was so slight that three other auditors could not detect it. During the next fifty playings no further deterioration was observable here.

At forty-four playings surface noise had increased slightly but patently, and increased steadily thereafter until at 125 playings it was somewhat less than that given out by the average of new shellac records. Not obtrusive in the Concerto, it was in the Quartet; but it never became the conventional fifth instrument created by shellac.

The tests ended at 125 playings, far more than most shellac records play successfully. The records were in condition to play many more times. The Quartet showed little tonal deterioration, and the Concerto, a rough and boldly-cut recording, had lost a little timbre and solidity, but not enough to be detected by several listeners without recourse to an unused copy for comparison.

The records were washed three times in tepid water to remove the grit which accumulates in the narrow grooves, and three osmium points were employed. These were irregular in quality and insufficient for their work. The first had lost its sensitivity after sixteen hours and the second gave very streaky reproduction at twenty-two. This is miserable, and a hard jeweled point, preferably diamond, ought to be used with these records. (Columbia is even now marketing a jeweled point for use with the Philco player, which can be installed with minimum bother. Price: $1.50.) However, it is worth noting that as a point wears itself out it tends progressively to deteriorate the records; despite this the Columbia LP records underwent 125 playings with inconsiderable signs of wear.

In summary, these tests demonstrate that LP microgroove records in vinylite greatly outlast standard discs made of shellac, and also that they should be used only with a jeweled point under the lowest possible pressure. Rumors of inadequate durability are presumably the result of ascribing the defects of the needle to the guiltless records. —C. G. BURKE.

C. G. Burke, a phonophile of many years' standing, has contributed reviews previously to RECORDINGS, *and was for several years conductor of the record review column of* The American Mercury.

*Wire, film, and tape recording, which have the merit of unfolding their contents at a constant linear speed, are not considered here because there is no recorded repertory on these media.

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more than a noisy bore, while the symphony is one of the best, musically, of the six, superior certainly to the Fourth. It is merely the determination of conductors that Tchaikovsky had but one symphonic personality — the morbid — which has prevented its proper appreciation.

In its tunes and their treatment, Tchaikovsky is close to the ballet atmosphere where he breathed most freely; the final "Polacca," indeed, is one of his most brilliant movements. I find the whole of it very congenial music, without affectation or pretense. Since the only previous version circulated in this country was the Hans Kindler-National Symphony version, replaced in the RCA catalogue by this new one, further comparison is hardly required.

I am also inclined to a lingering preference for Beecham's "Francesca" though the new Stokowski has some powerful moments, and the recorded sound is invigorating. However, he tends to drowse over the lyric passages, and the constant alternation of them with faster ones make for a good deal of interpretative stop-and-go. On the sixth side is Sibelius's "Maiden with the Roses."

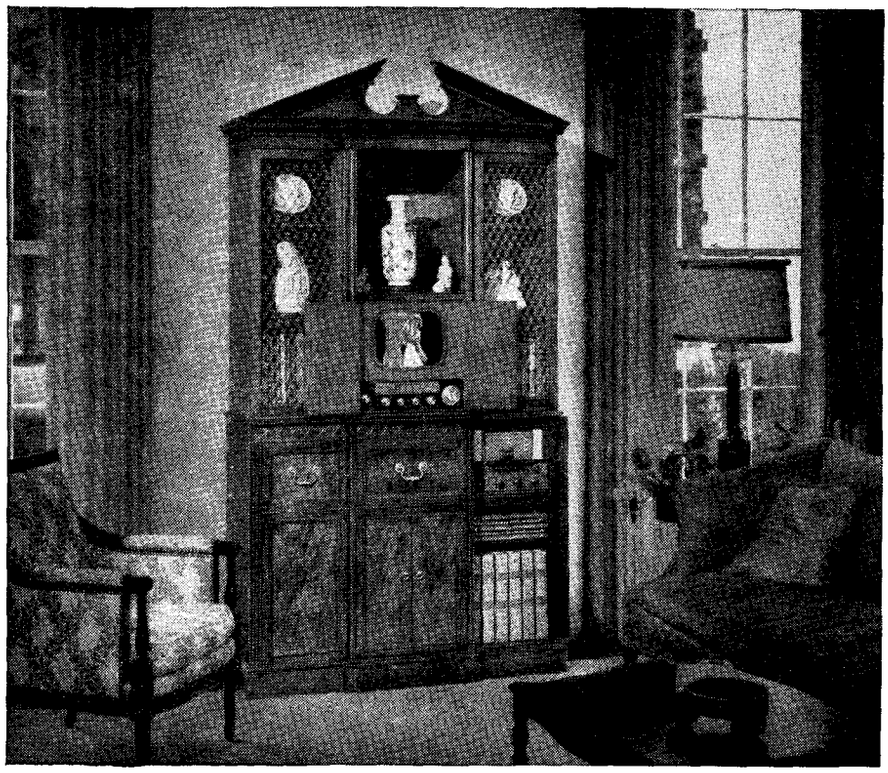
The Concerto Style of Haydn

HAYDN: *Concerto in C. Isaac Stern, violin, with chamber orchestra conducted by Alexander Zakin.* (Columbia album 799, $4.75.)

Though this is not an absolute phonographic novelty, its predecessor by Szymon Goldberg on English Parlophone had scant circulation in this country and thus has left to Stern the privilege of acquainting us with a category of works until now a mere entry in the Haydn biographies. Those who dote on such minutiae may care to know that we owe Stern's knowledge of this work to an Australian tour, where he found the score in the library of the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

Without knowing the composer's name I am frank to admit that it would not greatly suggest Haydn to my ear. It is clear, open, genial writing, with a main theme in the first movement that suggests "Old Black Joe" (or the finale of Beethoven's Second Symphony, whichever allusion you prefer). There is more character in the slow movement, which Stern delivers with compelling sensitivity and fine suitability of style.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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Porter on the Platter

HAROLD CLURMAN

KISS ME, KATE: *Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison, Lisa Kirk, and Harold Lang, with orchestra conducted by Pembroke Davenport.* (Columbia album C-200, $7; ML 4140, $4.85.)

If you are in the habit of collecting recordings of popular musicals, you will get these because "Kiss Me, Kate" is a great hit; the drama critics hailed it as a kind of masterpiece, and very few who see it are inclined to disagree with them. When a show is judged "terrific," when enough crooners put its numbers on their program, enough arrangers and bands play them, and radio repetition in all modes make them like something we breathe, it becomes difficult not only to resist a total identification with them, but even to ask ourselves whether they are really good or not. They simply exist.

The reviewer's purpose therefore can hardly be to encourage or discourage the buying of such records. He can only muse aloud on what listening to them suggests to him.

I haven't been genuinely taken by a new song for some years now. The reason for this is not that I have grown crabbed or that song writers have all run dry—although at times I am tempted to say so—but that the composers and writers of lyrics, more than any other creators, are extremely dependent for the quality of their inspiration on the mood of the day.

We cannot listen to Offenbach without giving some thought to the frivolity of the "new" Paris of the Second Empire, we cannot disassociate Gilbert and Sullivan from the solidity of the Victorian days, we cannot hear Gershwin without recalling the prosperity of the early Twenties. With the older composers—Johann Strauss, Offenbach, and others—we think retrospectively in terms of an era; with our American contemporaries, it seems natural to count in decades. Song writers, it is true, survive their decades, but when they do—have you noticed?—they are very frequently in trouble.

The only striking exception to this is Irving Berlin, whose genius consists not so much in his adaptability to every historical and theatrical contingency, but rather to his capacity to discover the root need and sentiment of all our American lives. You may argue as you will about a Noel Coward lyric, for example, but a line like ". . . doing what comes naturally" has something one might almost call "cosmic" about it!

Cole Porter seems to me to belong very much to the late Twenties and early Thirties. This was the time when our prosperity had become somewhat overripe with a tendency to mock as well as to enjoy itself. The early Thirties were blue with worry caused by economic despair. Young folks felt abandoned by parents who were going broke, and feared that their student years held very little promise for the future. They wanted to be consoled, they yearned for intimacy and love, the comfort of romance that might compensate for the outer cold.

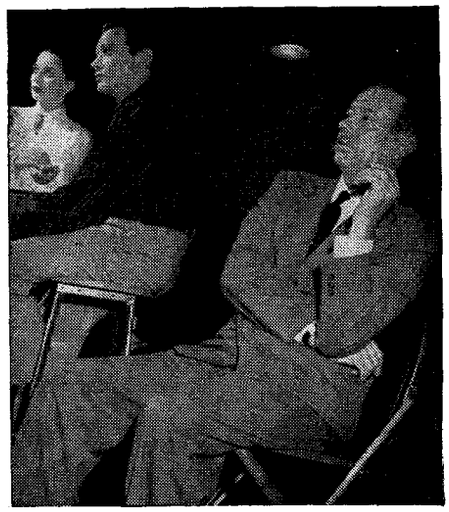
The Cole Porter touch derives from the feeling of the late Twenties. It is a sophisticated touch, a chic, that expresses itself in a kind of wit that was, to begin with, almost an entirely new phenomenon in American song writing. It has more of the Continent in it—the world as cosmopolis—than was possible before World War I, at which time American provincialism had not yet been breached. This touch is still evident in my favorite number from "Kiss Me, Kate"—"Where Is the Life That Late I Led?" ("And lovely Lisa, where are you Lisa? You gave a new meaning to the leaning tower of Pisa."). It is a style that mixes the highfalutin', the tony and expensive with the almost obscenely common—as in the mixture (in this case unpleasant to me though not at all to its audience) which combines references to Shakespeare with gangster vulgarity.

It is difficult to write good songs nowadays because the late Forties—neither depressed nor confident—have developed no pathos, no enthusiasm, no faith, no conviction commonly shared. So Cole Porter, just like nearly all his colleagues, has suffered a partial eclipse in this period—not, I suggest, because he has lost his gifts, but because this period in its colorless confusion gives his special talent very little support.

It is generally accepted that "Kiss Me, Kate" represents Cole Porter's best work in ten years. If this is so, it is a fact that sustains my argument. For I do not consider the score or lyrics of "Kiss Me, Kate" the best Cole Porter—not by a long shot. The brightest spots, I believe, are the plot and storytelling numbers related to the show's book. "We Open in Venice" (the lyrics are cute), "I've Come to Wive It Wealthily in Padua," and the already mentioned "Where Is the Life That Late I Led?" These numbers are clever enough, but by no means the kind to mark an epoch or begin a trend. "So in Love" is a slow foxtrot that will probably prove more popular than the pieces I mentioned, because of its independence of the show's text and its quick availability for diverse use as a dance number, etc. Pieces like "Always True to You in My Fashion" will probably be very well liked, though I find it dull; things like "Bianca" and "I Am Ashamed that Women Are So Simple" seem to me wholly without physiognomy. . . . The delivery and voices of Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison, Lisa Kirk, Harold Lang are, for purposes of recording, only serviceable. They are more effective on the stage.

If you disagree with these reactions, I might reply, "There is no disputing taste," although I think the remark damned nonsense: taste is the one thing that can and always should be disputed.

—HAROLD CLURMAN.



—*Eileen Darby—Graphic House.*

Morison, Drake, Porter—". . . a style that mixes the highfalutin', the tony and expensive with the almost obscenely common."

Drake Again

As well as engaging in Columbia's "original cast" version of "Kiss Me, Kate"—where he is noted "by courtesy of RCA Victor" in the world's smallest type — Alfred Drake has favored RCA (with whom he has a contract) with performances of four top numbers of the show: "So in Love" and "Were Thine That Special Face" (RCA Victor 20-3352) as solos, and "Why Can't You Behave?" and "Wunderbar" (RCA Victor 20-3533) with Jane Pickens as an adept partner. Lehmann Engel is the conductor for both discs, which project Drake in fine, solitary form.

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VERDI IN THE ITALIAN MANNER

(*Continued from page 53*)

can audiences for a few successful appearances here in 1939, is an excellent Alvaro, singing with nobility of voice and accent. Tancredi Pasero offers an equally good Padre Guardiano; and Saturno Meletti, in the buffo role of Fra Melitone, perhaps outshines the other male members of the cast with his unerring rightness of phrasing, his astonishing blend of musical tone and dramatic accent. The single lapse from greatness in this recording is provided by Carlo Tagliabue as Don Carlo di Varga. Mr. Tagliabue's singing is acceptable and, most of the time, quite pleasant, but it carries small intensity.

One of the biggest thrills of the set is hearing the music of the mezzo-soprano, Preziosilla, exactly as Verdi wrote it. Ebe Stignani, who sings the part, is not one to quail before the high B's and C of the printed version. These notes are almost invariably left to the listener's imagination by other artists. Miss Stignani takes all of them with vocal glory, and lightens her big voice throughout to give a convincing picture of the young gypsy girl. The three brief measures of her roulade at the end of "Rataplan" are in themselves something which every record buyer will want to own.

Although the complete "Aida," recorded with the forces of the Rome Opera House under the direction of Tullio Serafin uses largely the same cast as "Forza," the result is not what one might have expected. Individual performances come off well enough. The Aida of Maria Caniglia, beautifully sung, is almost on a par with her Leonora. Here—at least in the albums of these two Verdi operas—is the great dramatic soprano of our time, with the temperament and dramatic insight to color every admirably taken vocal phrase. Tancredi Pasero is a splendid Ramfis and contributes, perhaps, the most consistently excellent singing of any member of the cast. Italo Tajo, now familiar to American operatic audiences, is heard to good advantage in the minor role of the King, and the only adequate Messenger in this writer's experience is provided by Adelio Zagonara, distinguished character tenor of the Rome Opera.

With this star-studded list of names one might have expected the "Aida" recording to be the finest in the field. Regrettably, the expectation is not generally realized. Mr. Serafin's conducting, though well paced and theatrically effective, does not often rise above the routine. Nor are the engineering properties of the discs all they might have been. The sense of a large opera house—even though the cuttings took place presumably at the Teatro dell'Opera—is not conveyed and the climaxes are more gritty than powerful. Seldom does one hear the kind of sensuous tone demanded by Verdi's score. The chorus, aside from a few ragged attacks—such as in the off-stage episode of the Judgment Scene—comes off better acoustically than the orchestra.

The two major disappointments of the set, however, are Beniamino Gigli as Rhadames and Ebe Stignani in the part of Amneris. Mr. Gigli is essentially a lyric tenor, particularly well suited to a Rodolfo, Alfredo, or Nemorino. When he attempts the heroic music of Rhadames, not only is the actual range of sonorities beyond him but also the nobility of style required. The Gigli sob can be admired in "Bohème." Sometimes, with good luck, it can be apposite to the situation. But his lachrymose activities are completely out of place in an epic work like "Aida." In an attempt to give weight to certain declamatory phrases through use of the *accento* (dramatic stress) instead of sheer vocal volume, Mr. Gigli employs an explosive attack not at all in consonance with the style of the music. His most persuasive work is done in the third and last acts, particularly in the duet, "O terra, addio," where his lyrical tones find more natural scope.

Miss Stignani sings the music of Amneris brilliantly, but does little more than sing it. Added vocal and dramatic color, nuance, textual significance would have been welcome. Her "Ah, vieni!" of the second act comes off with the purity and opulence that Verdi intended, and so do many other high-lying phrases; but Miss Stignani's approach to Amneris—despite her incomparable vocal resources—lacks basic spontaneity and warmth. The dry-voiced Amonasro of Gino Bechi has a certain vigor, as well as an effectiveness in the topmost tones, to commend it; but his singing, too, misses variety of color and accent.

—ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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The Musical Bookshelf

MAKERS OF OPERA, by Kathleen O'Donnell Hoover. Bittner. $7.50. Musicology, which is usually short for musical pedantry, puts its best foot forward in a work of this fastidious quality. Mrs. Hoover, by concerning herself primarily with objective historic facts rather than subjective critical opinions, has clearly entered the musicological domain. But contrary to general practice, she places this science at the service of a discriminating intellect, one which still entertains genuine esthetic enthusiasms. Since she also writes with urbanity and a trenchant style, the results are as entertaining as they are edifying.

"Makers of Opera," a book designed and printed with rare elegance, contains eighteen essays on operatic composers ranging from Jacopo Peri to Richard Strauss. The author concentrates on the genesis of operatic works, describing a composer's relation to his librettist, comparing initial jottings and first drafts with final revisions, describing contemporary critical reception. She shows us not only how but also why a composer's style evolved as it did. Along the way one picks up a variety of information, all of it pertinent and meaningful. With masterful skill, Mrs. Hoover avoids the cliché both of fact and expression. She writes well, and never with condescension. A nimble allusion here, a trenchant comparison there affirm her genial culture. The author's knowledge, in short, is assimilated, not flaunted.

Take the essay on Meyerbeer as a case in point. In a few deft paragraphs Mrs. Hoover sketches the sociological and artistic circumstances which produced Parisian grand opera, better termed "grandiloquent opera." Meyerbeer, the supreme exponent of this musical species, comes off rather better here than is currently fashionable. He is shown to have been a composer of considerable originality, but one who has become a scapegoat for the sins of the nineteenth century. Reading the author's appraisal of "L'Africaine," one is tempted to ask for a revival of this now maledict spectacle.

Not the least attractive aspect of "Makers of Opera" is the concluding set of illustrations. Like the literary portions, this section sedulously shuns the commonplace. There is a lovely self-portrait of Weber, a noble painting of Verdi. Among the fascinating reproductions of stage sets one is struck by the gaudy, neo-Oriental splendor of Schinkel's design for "Fernand Cortez" (by Spontini), also by the delicacy and felicity of Platzer's design for the original production of "Don Giovanni."

A rich, eminently civilized book! One awaits with impatience Mrs. Hoover's further investigations in the uncharted field of twentieth-century opera.

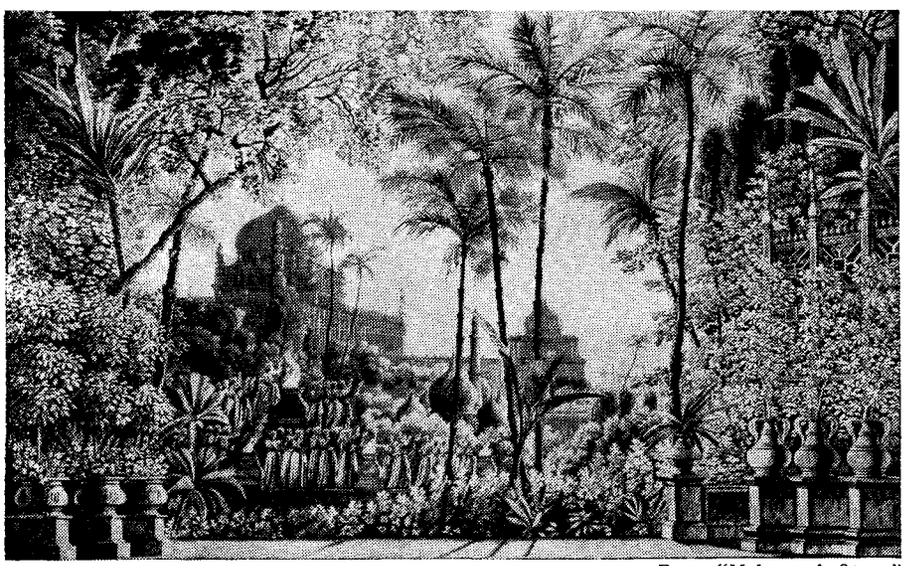
BRAHMS, by Ralph Hill. Wyn. $1.50. This and the two titles following belong to a series called "Great Musicians." In scope these books stand midway between encyclopedia articles and full-size biographies. Their aim being predominantly historical rather than analytical or critical, they serve more to whet the reader's appetite than to present a comprehensive view of the composer and his music. The volumes, of British manufacture as well as authorship, are small in size, attractive in appearance. They are well adapted to the needs of the casual listener who is concerned more with general information than exhaustive scholarship. Further titles in this series will be reviewed in coming issues.

From a purely factual standpoint Mr. Hill's short biography is an adequate survey of Brahms's life. What lacks is an entirely objective approach either to the man or his music. The unpleasant aspects of the Brahmsian personality (his well-documented boorishness, his egocentric behavior) are glossed over as choleric misinterpretations, while criticisms of Brahms's music impress the author as nothing more than "rather puny efforts to discover weaknesses." Such adulatory presentation is, unfortunately, graced by little in the way of searching insight or an especially engaging literary style.

BEETHOVEN, by Alan Pryce-Jones. Wyn. $1.50. A contradictory personality does well to receive an ambiguous interpretation. Beethoven's character defies classification, a fact which the author wisely acknowledges by confining his biography to a setting forth of evidence. His comments are perceptive questionings rather than dogmatic assertions. Mr. Pryce-Jones aims to enlighten rather than convince, and this he does, though in the complicated process of compressing fifty-seven years into 115 pages much important, if not absolutely essential, data falls by the wayside.

HANDEL, by Edward J. Dent. Wyn. $1.50. E. J. Dent's life of Handel is the most successful of these short biographies. For one thing, the paucity of information about Handel makes brevity less irksome. For another, the learned author's grasp of fact, the impressive way in which he marshals and analyzes information, gives a reader the comforting impression of authority. Still, one cannot help but wish that space had been available for further divagations into the eighteenth-century background and for more in the way of critical appraisal by this sensitive and knowing writer.

—ROLAND GELATT.



—From "Makers of Opera."

". . . the gaudy neo-Oriental splendor of Schinkel's design for 'Fernand Cortez'."

ADDITIONAL REVIEWS

on page 34

MOZART'S SYMPHONIES, by Georges de Saint-Foix.
CHOPIN, by Herbert Weinstock.
JAZZ: A PEOPLE'S MUSIC, by Sidney Finkelstein.

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THE YOUNGER SET

A SOUND formula for obtaining good music is: get a good composer to write it—a precept which Young People's Records have followed with admirable results in their new version of "The Emperor's Clothes." Douglas Moore, one of the pioneers of this enterprise, has taken his commission with the care it merits and produced a score which young people can listen to with pleasure, quite unaware of the fact that they are being musically uplifted at the same time.

Raymond Abraskin, who made the adaptation of the Hans Christian Andersen story, has contributed lively lyrics which prompted Moore to music of gaiety, action, and a flavor of fantasy. Remote as the source of the story would seem from today, the adapters have given it a contemporary touch that is not at all unwelcome. An excellent cast includes George Rasely (Emperor), Leonard Stokes (Prime Minister), Earl Rogers (First Tailor), James Ballister (Second Tailor), and the Gene Lowell Chorus. Not only are they all possessed of pleasant singing voices, they enunciate the text clearly, under Max Goberman's expert direction. (YPR, 1006-7, $2.78, unbreakable.)

From the same source, but of a different character, is "Licorice Stick," an entertaining and informative survey of the clarinet, in word and musical illustration. It embraces both the classical and popular usage of the instrument, showing the wide variety of effects possible with it—"sad, lively, or just cozy"—by means of excerpts from Mozart's celebrated Quintet, the Fifth Symphony of Tchaikovsky, and a jam session. (YPR, 420, $1.39, unbreakable.)

"Allegro" is the trade name of a comparative newcomer in the children's field which has some offerings worthy of investigation. "William Tell," for example, is "a heroic story with music" about men who loved freedom and justice (Allegro Jr., 17, 99¢). The story material is engagingly narrated by Crane Calder, and Rossini's overture to "William Tell" is the appropriate background music. For a slightly older age group there is a selection of songs from "Pinafore" (Allegro, Intermediate 55, $1.25, unbreakable) performed by the Little Opera Group with piano accompaniment. The excerpts include "We Sail the Ocean Blue," "Little Buttercup," "Never Mind the Why or Wherefore," "When I Was a Lad," and "He Is an Englishman." Then there is "Alice in Wonderland" with the "Jabberwocky" and "Soup" songs attractively sung by Crane Calder. The settings are by Suzanne Bloch, who also plays the lute accompaniments. (Allegro, Intermediate 56, $1.25, unbreakable). Attractive jackets are an added feature of Allegro's issues.

Of interest to the nursery set are the products of Karousel, another company whose products have not come our way before. They specialize in participation records, which offer the young listeners a chance to become young performers. Each song is repeated twice, with key words omitted the second time, to be filled in by the child. However, the tunes are hummed straight through by the "Smoothie's" trio, thereby sustaining the rhythmic pattern and facilitating the child's participation. Among the titles are "Sing a Song of Boys," "Sing a Song of Girls" (TC 6), "Songs About Kittens" (TC 4), "Songs of Mother Goose" (TC 1), and "Sing a Song of Animals" (TC 2). TC might conceivably stand for Ted Cott, who organized and produced this intelligent effort. All of Karousel's records are priced at 79¢.

In the "Cub" series, sponsored for very young children by Folkways Records, are "Race You Down the Mountain" and "The Merry Go Round" (C 6) sung by Woody Guthrie with guitar and harmonica, "Little Bird You Love" and "Loopity-Lou" (C 5) sung by Adelaide Van Wey with zither, and "Swimmy Swim" and "Grow Grow Grow" (C 4) by Guthrie with drum accompaniment. The last of these is most successful.

In the story department this month we have "The Cuckoo who Lived in a Clock" (Columbia MJV 50), in which the amusing bird calls of Donald Bain are more entertaining than the narrative by Gene Kelly; "Who Blew that Whistle?" (YPR, $1.39, unbreakable), a story of Officer Chubby's experience with a whistle that wants to be a traffic cop, and "The Sitter Who Sat" (Allegro Jr., 18, 99¢, unbreakable), graciously told by Florence and Crane Calder. "The Funniest Story in the World," with Groucho Marx is, in prospect, exciting; but the gifted Groucho's material is too weak for him to do much with (YPR 179, $1.39, unbreakable). —MARIE L. MUTCH.

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Album 102 18 12" Records $35.12
libretto included

MOZART—"Requiem Mass in D Minor" K. 626—**Tagliavini, Tassinari, Tajo, Stignani,** EIAR Symph. Orch. and Chor., conducted by **Victor de Sabata.**
Album 101 8 12" Records $15.70 ☐

HAYDN — "The Seasons" — Oratorio **G. Gatti, F. Albanese, L. Neroni,** Orch. and Chor. of Radio Italiana with **Vittorio Gui,** Conductor.
Album 111 10 12" Records $19.40 ☐

PERGOLESI, Giovanni—"Concertino No. 5 in E Flat Major: EIAR String Orchestra, conducted by **Mario Fighera.**
Record No. BB-25212 12" $2.62 ☐

VIVALDI, Antonio—"Concerto in A Major (L'Eco in Lontano) with **Grameqna & Giaccone,** solo violinists, and EIAR Symphony Orchestra conducted by Willy Ferrero.
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ELMO, Cloe—Arias from Operas with orchestra.
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SVED, Alexander—Rigoletto Arias And Duets with Lina Pagliughi, Sop. and Orchestra.
Album 109 5 12" Records $10.20 ☐

TAJO, Italo—Album Mozartiano with orchestra.
Album 104 3 12" Records $6.52 ☐

STIGNANI, Ebe—Arias from Operas, with orchestra.
Album 113 3 12" Records $6.52 ☐

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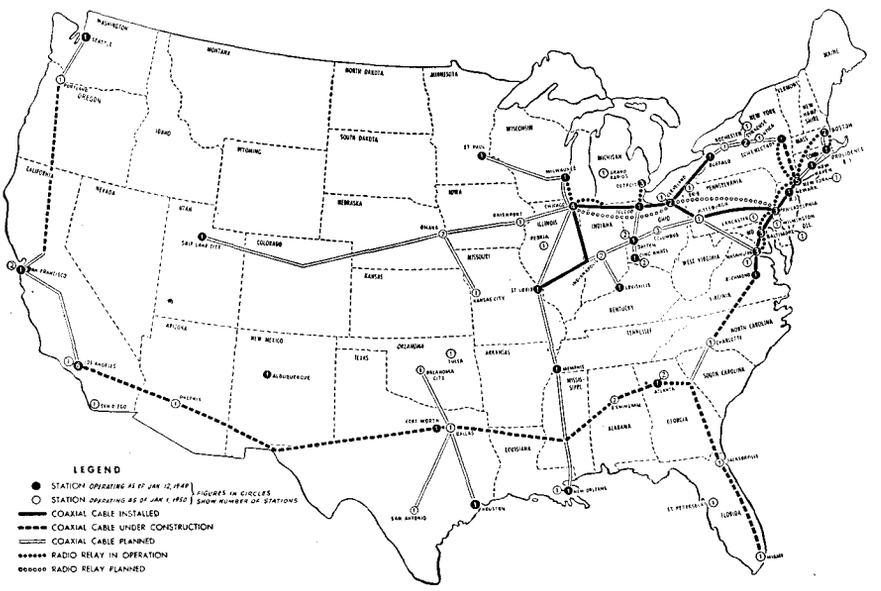
Television:
An Interim Report

IN THE year, approximately, since RECORDINGS last considered the television picture—in both the large and special meanings of that term—much has happened, some of it good, much of it exciting. Of largest future importance is the extension of the co-axial cable to the states beyond the Alleghenies—New Yorkers tend to the solecism of calling Illinois "Mid-west" when it is no more than Far East—though after an opening festivity, the connection has been tenuous indeed. The choice of equipment has blossomed enormously, as a comparison of the adjoining partial table with the complete one of last year would show, the range of entertainment in a kind of ratio, though hardly direct.

As this listing, and next month's extension of it, will show, you can now have a picture of sorts for $99.50, a picture of rather different sorts for $2,495, considering the range between the cheapest (Pilot) and the most expensive (DuMont). It is an encouraging sign that much of the middle ground equipment—neither on the economy nor the luxury level—takes into account the uses of electronics beyond mere picture and sound: as, most commonly, in conjunction with FM and AM radio; and, in fewer but still numerous cases, in conjunction with record players of both the usual and the long-playing variety. Whereas there were scarcely any of these (none, of course, with dual speed players) below $500 a year ago, there are now several close to this figure.

Like the image on the screen itself, the picture of television is, from day to day, slightly confused. But if you think back over the year past, the television owner can tell you more, in greater detail, about the salient news events of that time than most others: about the conventions and the World Series, about the election and the inauguration, about virtually all the sporting events of the summer, fall, and winter, and such special occurrences as the opening of the Metropolitan, a Toscanini broadcast, more than a few engrossing sessions of "Meet the Press," "The Author Meets the Critic," and like enterprises.

It has also been the year of Milton Berle and "The Goldbergs" on television, of daytime shows ranging from cooking lessons to exercise sessions. Well, we all keep the radio quiet a certain number of hours a day, also. But it is plain for most of us with the television habit that it adds to the zest of living. —I. K.


LEGEND
STATION OPERATING AS OF JAN. 12, 1949 } FIGURES IN CIRCLES
STATION OPERATING AS OF JAN. 1, 1950 } SHOW NUMBER OF STATIONS
COAXIAL CABLE INSTALLED
COAXIAL CABLE UNDER CONSTRUCTION
COAXIAL CABLE PLANNED
RADIO RELAY IN OPERATION
RADIO RELAY PLANNED

Television Units Generally Available

TABLE MODELS

This listing surveys the principal varieties of television units now available in table models. Set forth are comparatve specifications in each category: tube size, price, and such additional features as radio (FM and AM) or portable antennae (in the case of portable models). A listing of all features, including cabinet styles, woods, etc., would serve no special function since they cannot be evaluated except in reference to the purchaser's own needs. The list will be amplified next month to include console models, many of which now embody record changers and dual-speed motors.

Prices are current retail quotations (February 15, 1949) and do not include tax, installation charges, or service contracts. However, these are conventional extras which apply to all equipment regardless of maker, and hence not a competitive factor.

NAME AND MODEL		TUBE SIZE	PRICE	FEATURES
PORTABLE MODELS: (direct viewing)				
Pilot	TV-37	3″	$ 99.50	Carrying case with antenna $24.50 extra
Motorola	VT-73	7″	199.95	Includes portable antenna
Sentinel	400-TV	7″	199.95	Portable antenna $6.95 extra
TABLE MODELS: (direct viewing)				
Hallicrafters	T54	7″	139.50	
Admiral	19A12	7″	169.95	
Tele-Tone	TV149	7″	169.95	
Motorola	VT-71	7″	189.95	
Philco	702	7″	189.50	
Raytheon-Belmont	7DX21	7″	199.50	AC-DC operation
Sentinel	405-TVM	7″	199.95	
Tele-Tone	TV170	7″	199.95	AC-DC operation
Olympic	TV-104	10″	229.95	
Tele-Tone	TV249	10″	249.95	
Emerson	611	10″	269.50	
Hallicrafters	509	10″	269.50	
Emerson	612	10″	299.50	
Farnsworth	610P	10″	299.50	
Magnavox	Metropolitan	10″	299.50	
Motorola	VT-107	10″	299.95	
Crosley	9-403M	10″	319.95	Includes FM radio
Olympic	TV-922	10″	299.50	
GE	810	10″	325.00	
RCA	8-T-241	10″	325.00	
Westinghouse	196	10″	325.00	
Olympic	TV-923	10″	329.50	"Expanded" 64″ screen
Motorola	VT-121	12″	369.50	
Olympic	TV-944	12½″	369.95	
Stewart Warner	AVT-1	10″	374.95	
Fada	899	10″	375.00	
Sightmaster	10S1	10″	375.00	Includes FM radio
Garod	10TZ1	10″	385.00	Includes AM-FM radio
GE	814	12″	389.50	
Zenith	28T925E	10″	389.95	
Magnavox	Modular	12½″	395.00	With 10″ tube $50 less
Stromberg-Carlson	TV10H2	10″	395.00	
Crosley	9-407M	12″	445.00	Includes FM radio
DuMont	Chatham	12″	445.00	Includes FM radio
Garod	12TZ1	12″	445.00	Includes AM-FM radio
Stromberg-Carlson	TV12H2	12″	465.00	Includes FM radio
International	D-12	12½″	475.00	
Sightmaster	12S4	12″	475.00	Includes FM radio
RCA	8-T-270	16″	495.00	
Andrea	TVK12	12½″	499.00	Includes AM-FM radio
Sightmaster	15S1	15″	625.00	Includes FM radio
DuMont	Stratford	15″	695.00	Includes FM radio
TABLE MODELS: (projection type)				
Scott	Big Screen	12″ x 16″	695.00	Plays through separate audio system

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

EVERYONE here is delighted to know that American studios are busy once more, after another sadly idle period. Because I heartily agree with the editor in regarding the curtailment of Toscanini's recording life as one of the most lamentable results of this ban, I was delighted to see the footnote to my paragraph about Beecham's "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture. Unfortunately, because of the latter, it may be a long time before we shall be allowed to hear Toscanini's comprehensive album. On the other hand, readers in the United States will be glad to know that the Maestro's records of excerpts from Boito's "Mefistofele" have penetrated as far as London's Abbey Road Studios. These were made in connection with the Boito Memorial Concert at La Scala last summer, and were foreshadowed at the time by the *SRL*'s Rome correspondent.

An event of the greatest importance in the musical life of our capital has been the appointment, at long last, of a permanent conductor for the London Philharmonic Orchestra. This orchestra's existence during the war was a precarious one, when a host of mediocrities virtually ruined what was once, in Beecham's hands, a splendid instrument. Since 1945 they have played under a series of distinguished guest conductors, such as Walter, De Sabata, Furtwängler, and Kleiber. All the time it was obvious, however, that what was needed was not a virtuoso, but a first-class orchestral trainer who is also a solid and reliable musician. Such a person they have found in Eduard van Beinum, who now has the rare honor of being simultaneously in charge of two of Europe's foremost orchestras. The Amsterdam Concertgebouw, which he has directed with such distinction since the disappearance of Mengelberg, refused to release him except on a fifty-fifty basis. It now remains to be seen how near to the standard of their Dutch colleagues he will succeed in raising the London orchestra.

A recent Decca recording illustrates the size of the gap that he will have to bridge. Bartok's "Concerto for Orchestra" might well have been written for the Concertgebouw Orchestra. This great composition, full of wit and wisdom, here comes to life in a truly remarkable performance. It is difficult, in the face of such playing as their woodwinds treat us with, to resist the temptation of giving Beckmesser (who, after all, should lurk in the breast of every true critic) a kick in the rear and send him on vacation for a month. Decca's recording is wonderful, and every nuance of Van Beinum's distinguished reading can be heard.

The Schubert Octet has suffered surprising neglect when you consider its accessibility and charm, as well as its use as a stepping stone between orchestral and chamber music. Decca deserves our warmest thanks for restoring it to our catalogues after an absence of some five or six years. The performance by the Vienna Octet, most of them members of the Vienna Philharmonic, is most attractive and, despite a rough edge here and there, far preferable to the old Lener recording.

John Ireland (b. 1879) enjoys a high reputation in his native England, but he has not been widely heard abroad. HMV have now recorded one of his finest compositions, his setting of words by John Addington Symonds for Choir and Orchestra. "These Things Shall Be" is a passionate and sincere work which looks forward to the time when mankind will condemn forever the stupid and unnecessary barbarity of war as a means of settling disputes among the nations. Though first performed in 1937, it sounds more urgent and moving today than ever before and the performance by the Hallé Choir and Orchestra under Barbirolli is noble and compelling.

The return to records of Heinrich Schlusnus, who still possesses one of the world's loveliest baritone voices, has been a pleasant surprise. He sings Schubert's "Der Lindenbaum" and "Die Post" without much subtlety, but in a pleasant and straightforward manner. Another notable vocal record by Decca features the Belgian soprano Suzanne Danco, one of the most promising of recent discoveries. She sings, with perfect control of tone, the exacting "Amarilli" by Caccini, and a lovely little song by Buononcini.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

Telefunken Returns

SOME time in March dealers throughout the country will begin receiving shipments of records bearing a new label: Capitol-Telefunken. As the name implies, an American company specializing in jazz has joined forces with a German firm specializing in the classics. Negotiations for this liaison began with Telefunken two years ago, and ever since there has been much correspondence, travel to and from Germany, and conferences with U. S. authorities. A few months ago masters began arriving from Berlin, via airlift.

The first release includes Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler" with the composer conducting, the Bruckner Mass in E minor, Mengelberg's recording of the "Eroica," and Gluck's Overture to "Alceste" with the Berlin Philharmonic under Furtwängler. Each monthly release will generally contain five albums and five singles, the accent being on the "rarities" of the Telefunken catalogue. Capitol-Telefunken discs will be pressed on a plastic (breakable) material which is said to wear better and have less surface noise than shellac. Prices are standard: $1.25 for twelve-inch, $1 for ten-inch. Starting in April the Telefunken recordings will appear on the RCA-developed 45 rpm disc.

Telefunken, with headquarters in Berlin, did not come out of the war unscathed, but their factories and offices are now rebuilt and apparently humming with activity. Masters of Telefunken's complete catalogue were immured in Bavarian caves for the duration. A few became damaged by water corrosion, but nothing of much value. Prewar Telefunken recordings were used as touchstones of tonal excellence; whether the postwar product maintains this supremacy remains to be seen. The company has resumed recording again, but no longer in the acoustically perfect Singakademie, which was destroyed beyond repair in 1943.

Telefunken will derive profits from the sale of these U. S. pressings, though by way of the Alien Property Custodian. The problem of royalties for Messrs. Mengelberg, Furtwängler, and company is purely the concern of Telefunken, Capitol maintains. Future plans include domestic waxings by Capitol of American orchestras and artists. Also, recording sessions in Germany to American specifications.

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HITS AND MISSES

IT WILL be no news by this time that, in his mid-fifties, Cole Porter has been fructified by renewed contacts with the Bard. What a theatre man thinks of it you will find elsewhere in this issue (page 58) but for my ears, "Kiss Me, Kate" is one of Porter's finest and most ribald scores, as happy an addendum to Shakespeare as one could wish for. The album by the original Broadway cast (Columbia C200, $7) is a splendid buy save for the effortful singing of the leading lady, Hollywood's Patricia Morison. This is a species of vocal tugging and hauling in unfortunate contrast to the easy power of the leading man, Alfred Drake, as well as to one's memories of the brassy clarity and gusto with which Ethel Merman used to address Porter's songs. But it is exciting to have the old master Porter rise up after years of surgery fairly bursting with delicious music—this department's favorites include a sumptuous beguine, "Were Thine That Special Face"; a lovely setting for words by William Shakespeare, "I Am Ashamed That Women Are So Simple"; a tuneful satire on the Viennese waltz, "Wunderbar," and several of those very fast patter songs for which the composer is famous.

While in the old masters' area, it may be noted that Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra have made a quietly ingratiating record of a tune by the historic Isham Jones, who wrote such durable numbers as "I'll See You in My Dreams" and "It Had to Be You." The new item is called "How Many Tears Must Fall" (RCA Victor 20-3317, 79¢) and it may hardly seem spectacular at the first spinning. But with repeated playings we have found it to possess a kind of melodic iron which is not surprising from Isham Jones.

On this page we make it a business to pay careful attention, up to a point, to musical tastes not entirely our own, and in this generous spirit we report the issuance of two impressive examples of musical dynamiting. The American esthetic has, of course, always made plenty of room for sheer blasting; one recalls the standard old vaudeville announcement: "I will now render, meaning to tear apart—." In this tradition Les Brown's skilful orchestra offers a jump version of Cole Porter's "Just One of Those Things" (Columbia 38381, 79¢) which must certainly be the most thorough shredding that classic has ever received, and we were also struck by the great superiority of the musical material over most jump compositions. When it comes to Harry James's version of "Love (Your Spell Is Everywhere)" (Columbia 38380, 79¢) we feel that we must call upon the utmost resources of the typewriter. We have been sitting here bemused for several minutes trying to get some sort of intellectual purchase on the phenomenon. Here, mind you, is a man who is not only a trumpeter of overwhelming technique and force. He is also, actually, the husband of Betty Grable. And when he seizes his horn and renders "Love (Your Spell Is Everywhere)" the effect is nothing less than Vesuvian. We are confident, in short, that this record has important things to say to us about the erotic life and ideals of the Republic, but we are not sure what they are.

The dulcet and estimable singer Perry Como is with us this month in an album of "Supper Club Favorites" (RCA Victor P237, $3.25) and a single of "Blue Room" and "With a Song in My Heart" (RCA Victor 20-3329, 79¢). Of these it seems needless to remark, as the first chorus of "Blue Room" will adequately demonstrate, that there are few sentimental songsters to compare. But protest must be lodged, in the language of Gimbel's advertising department, that nobody BUT NOBODY wants to hear Como preceded, accompanied, or followed by a chorus of voices mixed or unmixed. Como's is essentially a private voice, and there is nothing private about a choir.

We are very partial to the vigorous rumba playing of Noro Morales, who has just produced a mover and shaker called "El Sopon (Cuban Stew)" (MGM 10341, 79¢), and the talented composer Carl Sigman has an agreeable new number, "Careless Hands," obviously inspired by "Careless Love," well sung by Johnny Desmond (MGM 10349, 79¢); on the reverse is the popular abomination "These Will Be the Best Years of Our Lives."

The perennial problem of what to give those granite music lovers who simply do not love anything which is unfamiliar has been magnificently solved, one would suppose for all time, by an English bandmaster named Peter Yorke. He offers an album called "Songs to Remember" (Columbia C178, $3.95) in which a dizzy and highly misleading cover, featuring a low-necked soubrette, fronts for some of the most expertly innocuous music in the world—the selections are "Love, Here Is My Heart," "Just A-Wearyin' for You," "By the Sleepy Lagoon," "Intermezzo," "Moonlight and Roses," "Songs My Mother Taught Me," "Evensong," and "Somewhere a Voice Is Calling." Mr. Yorke has not only *not* ventured very far into the musical realms of gold; he has also served up his chestnuts with an orchestral sauce which must have had a luminol base. But if anyone supposes that these sides exhaust the capacity of the British phonograph industry for the provision of musical somnolence, let him be aware that London records have just placed on sale an album "Concert in Tivoli" (London LA68, $3.75) of waltzes, mazurkas, and polkas by a Danish sub-Strauss named Hans Christian Lumbye which are of an almost asphyxiating lack of musical interest.

—WILDER HOBSON.

Both from Boston

KOUSSEVITZKY: *"Valse Miniature," etc. Serge Koussevitzky, double bass, with Pierre Luboschutz, piano.* (RCA Victor Limited Edition album 1, $10.)

HAYDN: *"Missa Solemnis" ("Harmoniemesse"). Ludwig Berberich conducting choir, organ, and orchestra of Munich Cathedral.* (Haydn Society, $15.75.)

The above-noted Koussevitzky discs are those swan songs recorded by the eminent conductor in the late Twenties, following which he virtually gave up performance on the instrument. Re-recorded to reinforce the bass, and pressed on Vinylite, the sounds attest both to the remarkable facility of Koussevitzky on the cumbersome instrument, and to his post-Glazunow inclinations as a composer of such items as an andante from a Contra-Bass Concerto, a "Chanson Triste," as well as this "Valse." Also offered are pieces by Eccles and Laska. The six sides are priced at $10, with the profits earmarked for the Koussevitzky Twenty-fifth Anniversary Fund.

Of the Haydn Mass, we know nothing other than it is a first recording and sales are limited to 500 copies by subscription. Specifications are: seven twelve-inch records, on Vinylite, with an orchestral score of slightly larger than the usual miniature size included. No test pressings being yet available, we pass the information on merely as such. Orders should be sent to 179 Cambridge Street, Boston 14, Mass.

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Carle, Frankie: "Sweet Sue." Columbia 38388, 79¢.	Bright dance tempo treatment of Victor Young's masterpiece; in both this and the overside "Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella" Carle's stylized piano is remarkably reproduced by post-ban techniques.
Clarke, Buddy, and Doris Day: "Powder Your Face with Sunshine." Columbia 38394, 79¢.	Coueish philosophy, delivered with good humor and musical taste by a new "me and you" team. Overside is "I'll String Along with You," which tends to get a bit sticky at the slow pace favored.
Cugar, Xavier: "Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater." Columbia 38389, 79¢.	Virtuoso variations on the familiar nursery tune, done up in guaracha rhythm. Not the least attraction is the opportunity it gives for the anonymous masters of Cugat's orchestra to distinguish themselves.
Durante, Jimmy, and Betty Garrett: "Any State in the 48 Is Great." MGM 30176, 79¢.	Like most of the great man's better specialities, this one is credited to Durante as composer. It is far from high Durante, but it has its patriotic charms and the kind of brash vaudeville melody for which Schnozzle is famous. Miss Garrett cannot match her partner's exuberance, but who can?
Harvey, Jane: "So in Love." MGM 10359, 79¢.	Of the two sides devoted to "Kiss Me, Kate" tunes ("Always True to You" is the other), Miss Harvey manages better with this, treated as it is to an elaborate Latin background by the orchestra under Hugo Winterhalter's direction. The Harvey voice quality is good, as those who recall her Goodman records will attest, but she strives a little too hard for a manner—especially in "Always True to You," which sounds like Kate Smith imitating Dorothy Shay. Both sides are well reproduced.
Hawkins, Erskine: "Corn Bread." RCA Victor 20-3326, 79¢.	Good specimen of a genre believed out-moded—big band playing of a fast blues over a boogie background. Real beat, and no bop, despite the numerous solo opportunities. All there is to justify the title, incidentally, is the whole band, at the very end, saying: "Corn Bread!" Nothing much to hear in "Bewildered," on the other side, which has Jimmy Mitchelle singing a doleful chorus.
Martin, Freddy: "Once in Love with Amy." RCA Victor 20-3324, 79¢.	The jaunty tune from "Where's Charley?" done in the Martin manner, which means more for the manner than the tune. However, it's danceable, to use a word now become an accolade. Like many others of this list, a post-ban job and thus much better quality recording than pop tunes formerly enjoyed. "You Was" occupies the other side, for those who care to know that "you was" rhymes with "knew was."
Sinatra, Frank: "Once in Love with Amy." Columbia 38391, 79¢.	Another tribute to Amy, this time with more care for Loesser's lyrical intention, done with the best of Sinatra's naturalness and effortless command of tune and text. "Sunflower," which extols Kansas and one of its daughters, is the partner, and neat extolling, too.
Stone, George, and Sextet: "What Is This Thing Called Love?" MGM 10360, 79¢.	What happens to Porter's moody lament is best indicated by mention of the overside title: "Goofin' with a Ghost." This sextet, in which a pair of sax men are most prominent, not only kick the tune around but eventually out of hearing altogether, in favor of some wild elaborations. "Knocked out" is, I believe, the word for such doings, especially those of the brilliant tenor man. Good Basie-ish piano, too, and fine "walking bass." "Goofin'" is dirgeish, but well-phrased, blue-blowing.
Thornhill, Claude: "My Dream Is Yours." RCA 20-3337, 79¢.	Dulcet doings, defeated by some inferior tune material. The overside "Wind in My Sails" might be suggested as No. 2 in a "Wind Suite" for Beatrice Lillie, whose "Wind 'Round My Heart" is justly famous.
Young, Eva: "Laughing Boy." RCA Victor 20-3335, 79¢.	Speaking of "Suites," here is a second movement for "Nature Boy," done with pastoral charm by Eva Young. (The author, however, is not Eben, etc., but Jack Segal.) "I Can't Think of a Thing to Do" engages Miss Young on the other side, but not very profitably.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Brief Query

SIR: Ffrr means what?

D. HOMER RICH.

EDITOR' NOTE: *Like SOS, FOB, and Always Buy Chesterfields, one had the notion that ffrr was universal in meaning and understanding. In any case, it is English Decca's trade term for describing its improved system of recording, meaning: full frequency range recording.*

Standardization and RCA

SIR: Without seeing the new Victor gadget, I would like to ask them to put the classical recordings on 33 1/3 RPM on twelve-inch size for those of us who prefer complete works on one record, uninterrupted. Victor has good artists, but I will take the longer records. Go ahead and put the popular juke-box stuff on five-minute records. But do remember there are those of us who like the classical—uninterrupted.

MRS. FRANCIS HILL.

Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

SIR: As an enthusiastic record collector, may I comment on Mr. Murray's recent article in the *SRL*? It seems to me that RCA is making a deplorable step toward confusion and senseless competition in issuing the new disc and machine. I, for one, fail to note any advantages in it over Columbia's LP.

A. W. BENZEL.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: I just wrote my penny's worth to Mr. Murray of RCA telling him he was "protesting too much." His company's coming out with a 45 rpm will make incumbent on us to buy a third turntable for my Capehart. Like hell I will! I will boycott RCA until it joins the enemy and puts out 33 1/3 discs also. . . . We can hold out a long time.

L. M. ENGELHARD.

La Crosse, Wis.

SIR: I wish to comment on your lead article of February. I realize that it is too early to draw any conclusions about RCA's new record. However, I have talked to dealers who have heard the new records and all seem to agree that all that has been accomplished is a greater fidelity than RCA had before. If this proves to be the case, I, as a consumer, am prepared to stick to my LP's and ignore RCA. It appears to me that Columbia has made a major contribution to the record industry and RCA is content to cry "sour grapes." Let me add this is the opinion of a large number of my friends.

RICHARD R. FITCH.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: Can somebody tell me just what, of value, RCA Victor's latest contribution to the confusion of the record industry has to offer us? RCA may be congratulated on eliminating surface rub between records and turntable, but what is the advantage of RCA speed over Columbia LP speed? RCA playing time over LP? . . . As it stands today, RCA's invention has nothing to recommend purchasing it. I invite your attention to these paragraphs from an editorial entitled "Too Laissez Faire," which appeared in the Boston *Herald*, January 14, 1949:

. . . "To the confusion of AM and FM radio, television and standard phonographs, the poor public must add two more complications. [EDITOR'S NOTE: *This follows a discussion of the several speeds at which records must be played.*] Grudgingly we admit it couldn't happen in Russia. . . . We wouldn't want a commissar for people's music over here. But any record company that makes the assembling of a music library more difficult and costly than it should be, will have to answer to public opinion."

W. PIERCE SHEPPARD.

Nashua, N. H.

SIR: I am writing this letter of protest to you in behalf of myself and my circle of friends, who are all music lovers and collectors of classical records. Why can't the record industry get together and cooperate so records can be standardized? Bulk and breakage have been the biggest bugaboos in our collecting lives. Therefore, it was with open arms that we accepted Columbia's wonderful transformation, the long playing record. . . . Thousands of people have spent money to be able to play both the long playing and standard records, and do you think the public will stand for a third way of playing records and a third turntable? Never, I say.

CHARLES KULLAWAY.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: RECORDINGS *has made every effort to be impartial in its presentation of the first reactions to the question of "Standardization and RCA," according to established (as well as sound) journalistic practice. While these letters are no more than a sampling of those received, the fact is that they represent a unified viewpoint: no reader has, as yet, addressed to us a comment supporting the advantages of RCA's system, as expounded by Mr. Murray. We note, of course, that the device has not yet been widely demonstrated.*

More on the 1,000 Club

SIR: I have watched with interest your December article and comments on the "1,000 Club." May I suggest as the first "demand" a return to the catalogue by Victor of all Friedrich Schorr recordings from "Meistersinger." Surely this would be a treat. Incidentally, we hope you continue your efforts for the record-buying "minorities."

CHARLES STEZ.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: While you're enlisting members for the "1,000 Club" why not a complete performance of "L'Amore dei Tre Re"? This, to my mind, is one of the greatest operas ever written and deserves representation on discs.

MAE MILLER.

New Orleans, La.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A recording of "L'Amore" with a proper cast would be highly desirable. However, as the Metropolitan production of this year suggested, a "proper cast" is no easy matter to find. We might suggest it to our Italian friends as an enterprise they could properly manage better than domestic companies. Assuming that the Schorr masters are in reasonable condition, they should certainly be in the catalogue. Period.*

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
BERKELEY, CALIF. *(Berkeley Music House)*	I've Got My Love (C)	Rumba with Cugat (C-LP)	Fauré Pavane (C)	Beethoven Piano Concerto No. 4 (C-LP)
BIRMINGHAM *(Stairway to Music)*	Buttons and Bows (C)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Gypsy Airs (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
BOSTON *(Boston Music Co.)*	I've Got My Love (C)	Vaughn Monroe (RCA)	Fauré Pavane (C)	Prokofieff Classical Symphony (RCA)
CINCINNATI *(Steinbergs, Inc.)*	Far Away Places (RCA)	Roses in Rhythm (C)	Romeo-Bjoerling (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
DALLAS *(The Record Shop)*	A Little Bird (D)	Words and Music (MGM)	Dream of Olwen (C)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
(Whittle Music Co.)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Perfume Set to Music (RCA)	Bluebird of Happiness (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
DENVER *(Knight-Campbell)*	Far Away Places (D)	Giants of Jazz (Cap)	Bluebird of Happiness (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
DETROIT *(Campus Record Shop)*	A Little Bird (D)	Previn Plays (RCA)	Vespri Siciliani Overture (HMV)	Haydn No. 94 (RCA)
(Doubleday Book Shops)	Powder Your Face (D)	I Can Hear It Now (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Chopin Nocturnes (RCA)
(Grinnell Bros.)	A Little Bird (D)	Words and Music (MGM)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Chopin Favorites (RCA)
KANSAS CITY *(Jenkins Music Co.)*	Far Away Places (RCA)	Valentine's Day (D)	Gypsy Airs (RCA)	Piano Quartet Encores (RCA)
MEMPHIS *(Words and Music)*	A Little Bird (D)	Roses in Rhythm (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Chopin Preludes (RCA)
MINNEAPOLIS *(Don Leary's, Inc.)*	Cruising Down the River (MGM)	Hits from the Hills (RCA)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Nutcracker Suite (C)
NASHVILLE *(MU Sound System)*	A Little Bird (D)	New Moon (RCA)	2nd Hungarian Rhapsody (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
NEW ORLEANS *(Van Husen Music Co.)*	A Little Bird (D)	Vagabond King (RCA)	Nessun Dorma (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
NEW YORK *(Doubleday Book Shops)*	A Little Bird (D)	I Can Hear It Now (C)	Fauré Pavane (C)	Pictures at an Exhibition (RCA)
(Dynamic Electronics)	Galway Bay (D)	Rumba with Cugat (C-LP)	Thais-Duet (RCA)	Emperor Concerto (C-LP)
(Haynes Griffin)	Cruising Down the River (MGM)	Vaughn Monroe (RCA)	Manon-Bjoerling (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
(Heins & Bolet)	So in Love (C)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Buxtehude Cantata (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
(Liberty Music Shops)	So in Love (C)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Bachianas (C)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
(Rabson's)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Previn Plays (RCA)	Buxtehude Cantata (RCA)	Chopin Preludes (RCA)
OMAHA *(Lyon & Healy, Inc.)*	A Little Bird (D)	Edith Piaf (C)	Warsaw Concerto (C)	Grieg Concerto (C)
PHILADELPHIA *(Jacobs Bros.)*	A Little Bird (D)	Perfume Set to Music (RCA)	Fauré Pavane (C)	Mozart Concerto No. 15 (EDA)
(The Record Shop)	Again (L)	Allegro (RCA)	Bachianas (C)	Scarlatti Sonatas (RCA)
PITTSBURGH *(National Record Mart)*	I've Got My Love (C)	Al Jolson (D)	Jalousie (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
PORTLAND, ORE. *(Sherman Clay & Co.)*	Buttons and Bows (C)	Roses in Rhythm (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
ST. LOUIS *(Doubleday Book Shops)*	Buttons and Bows (C)	I Can Hear It Now (C)	Fauré Pavane (C)	Beethoven Violin Concerto (RCA)
WASHINGTON, D. C. *(Brentano's)*	Powder Your Face (D)	Captain from Castile (M)	Bachianas (C)	I Can Hear It Now (C)

Compiled as of February 10, 1949.

Key: C—Columbia C-LP—Columbia Long Playing Cap—Capitol D—Decca EDA—English Decca HMV—His Master's Voice L—London M—Mercury RCA—Victor

Leaders: It has been a month of coasting with old favorites. Dinah Shore's "Buttons and Bows" (now in its fourth month of popularity) is tied with Evelyn Knight's rendition of "A Little Bird Told Me." No strong trend is evident among popular albums, but the two appearances of "Kiss Me, Kate" within a week of its release can be taken as significant. French tastes dominate the classical single category, Fauré's "Pavane" and Debussy's "Clair de Lune" each accounting for five entries. Enthusiasm for recorded history continues unabated, sixteen stores reporting "I Can Hear It Now" this month.

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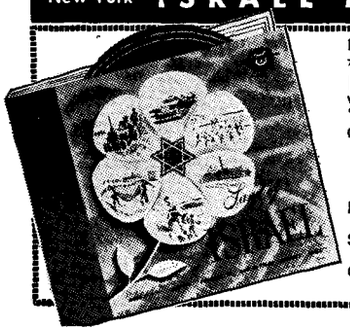

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